

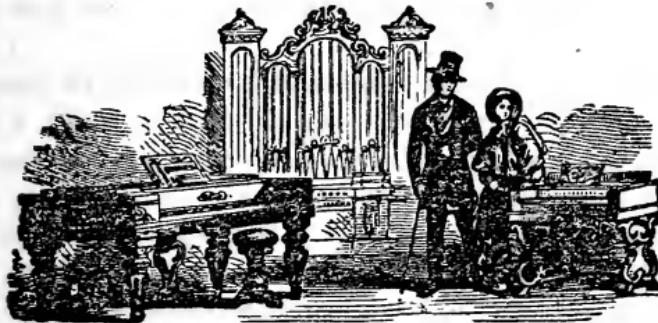
THE
MELODEON,
—
DADMUN.

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THE
MELODEON:
A COLLECTION OF
HYMNS AND TUNES,
WITH
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED MUSIC,
ADAPTED TO
All Occasions of Social Worship.



BY REV. J. W. DADMUN,
AUTHOR OF "REVIVAL MELODIES," ETC.



BOSTON:
FOR SALE BY J. P. MAGEE,
NO. 5 CORNHILL.

1861.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by J. W. DADMUN, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

P R E F A C E.

A few words to the lovers of Sacred Music will explain why we have attempted the issue of another book of hymns and tunes, when so many are already in the market. And we will say in the outset, that we would not, if we could, deprecate the many excellent works, of this kind, now before the public. But every author has his own idea of what will meet the wants of the people, especially if he has had an opportunity of testing their taste. We think we have had a little experience in this direction in the issue and sale of nearly a *hundred thousand* copies of "Revival Melodies," well distributed in all parts of the country. Some have said to us, give us a good variety of the best old tunes in connection with these melodies, and it will be just the thing for permanent use. This we have attempted, and the public must judge how well we have succeeded. Of course we could not be expected to publish everything for the low price of *twenty-five cents* per copy ; but we have endeavored to make such a selection as will make every page valuable. The new pieces contained in this book, we believe, will be as popular as any we have yet published.

Some of the books heretofore published are too large for convenience, and consequently too costly ; others are too small to furnish a sufficient variety for permanent use. We have endeavored to keep between these extremes. An experience of over twenty years in conducting religious meetings, has convinced us that a mere *hymn-book* is not sufficient for social meetings. We must have the *tunes* as well as the hymns, then the singing will not be confined to a very few tunes,—as is always the case when nothing but hymn-books are used,—but we shall have a variety, for it is a fact that in every congregation you will find more or less who can sing almost any plain music at sight. And then again, you can detain the congregation a few minutes after meeting, and, with book in hand, practice some new pieces. There is nothing that will draw in the unconverted like good singing. We have tried it, and therefore speak. Those who have no musical ear, and but little music in their hearts, may think we are giving too much prominence to this subject, but the history of singing in the union, noon-day and other social meetings, for the last two years, will correct any such impression.

"Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom ; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts unto the Lord."

Boston, July 1, 1860.

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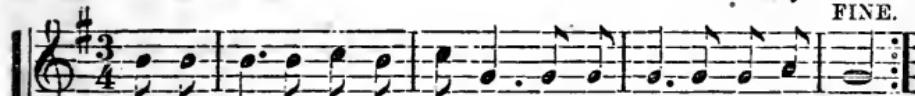
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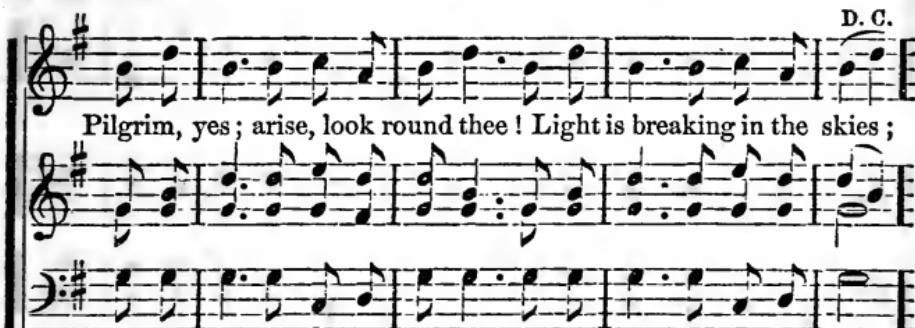
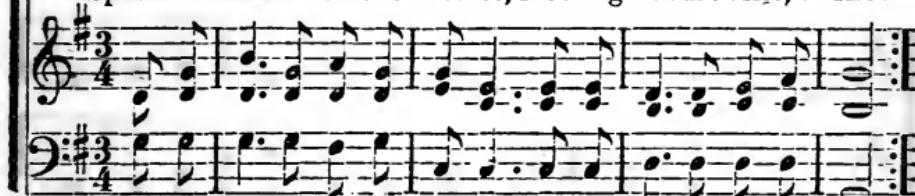
THE MELODEON.

THE DAY IS BREAKING. 8s & 7s.

Arr. by J. W. D.
FINE.



1. Watchman, tell me, does the morning Of fair Zion's glory dawn ? {
Have the signs that mark its coming, Yet upon my pathway shone ? }
Spurn the unbelief that bound thee, Morning dawns ! arise, a - rise !



2 See the glorious light ascending,
Of the grand Sabbath year !
Hark ! the voices loud proclaiming
The Messiah's kingdom near.
Watchman, yes ; I see just yonder,
Canaan's glorious heights arise ;
Salem, too, appears in grandeur,
Towering 'neath her sunlit skies.

3 Pilgrim, in that golden city,
Seated on his jasper throne,
Zion's King, arrayed in beauty,
Reigns in peace from zone to zone ;
There, on verdant hills and mountains,
Where the golden sunbeams play,
Purling streams and crystal fountains
Sparkle in th' eternal day.

4 Pilgrim, see ! the light is beaming,
Brighter still upon thy way ;
Signs through all the earth are gleaming,
Omens of thy coming day,
When the jubilee trumpet sounding,
Shall awake, from earth and sea,
All the saints of God now sleeping,
Clad in immortality.

5 Watchman, lo ! the land we're nearing,
With its vernal fruits and flowers,
On just yonder ; O how cheering !
Bloom forever Eden's bowers.
Hark ! the choral strains there ringing,
Wafted on the balmy air ;
See the millions ; hear them singing,
Soon the pilgrims will be there.

6 RIVERS OF REDEEMING LOVE. C. M.

J. W. D.

1. Sweet rivers of re - deeming love Lie just before mine eye,

This block contains the first two staves of a musical score for three voices. The top staff is in soprano C major, the middle staff in alto G major, and the bottom staff in bass F major. The music is in common time (indicated by '4'). The vocal parts are separated by vertical bar lines. The lyrics for the first stanza are written below the staves.

Had I the pinions of a love, I'd to those rivers fly.

This block contains the third and fourth staves of the musical score. The lyrics for the second stanza are written below the staves.

I'd rise su - pe - rior to my pain, With joy outstrip the wind;

This block contains the fifth and sixth staves of the musical score. The lyrics for the third stanza are written below the staves.

I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main, And leave the world be - hind.

This block contains the seventh and eighth staves of the musical score. The lyrics for the fourth stanza are written below the staves.

2

2 A few more days or years at most,
 My troubles will be o'er ;
 I hope to join the heavenly host,
 On Canaan's happy shore.
 My raptured soul shall drink and feast
 In love's unbounded sea ;
 The glorious hope of endless rest
 Is ravishing to me.

3 O come, my Saviour, come away,
 And bear me to the sky ;
 Nor let thy chariot wheels delay ;
 Make haste, and bring it nigh :
 I long to see thy glorious face,
 And in thy image shine ;
 To triumph in victorious grace,
 And be forever thine.

4 Then will I tune my harp of gold
 To my eternal King,
 Through ages that can ne'er be told,
 I'll make thy praises ring.
 All hail, eternal Son of God,
 Who died on Calvary !
 Who bought me with his precious blood,
 From endless misery.

3 A blessed hope.

1 How happy every child of grace,
 Who knows his sins forgiven ;
 This earth, he cries, is not my place ;
 I seek my place in heaven ;
 A country far from mortal sight,
 Yet O, by faith I see
 The Land of rest, the saint's delight,
 The heaven prepared for me.

2 O, what a blessed hope is ours,
 While here on earth we stay,
 We more than taste the heavenly powers,
 And antedate that day ;
 We feel the resurrection near,
 Our life in Christ concealed,
 And with his glorious presence here
 Our earthen vessels filled.

3 O, would he more of heaven bestow,
 And let the vessels break ;
 And let our ransomed spirits go
 To grasp the God we seek ;
 In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
 Who bought the sight for me,
 And shout and wonder at his grace
 To all eternity.

4 The prospect joyous.

1 And let this feeble body fail,
 And let it faint or die ;
 My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
 And soar to worlds on high ;
 Shall join the disembodied saints,
 And find its long-sought rest ;
 That only bliss for which it pants,
 In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown
 I now the cross sustain ;
 And gladly wander up and down,
 And smile at toil and pain ;
 I suffer on my threescore years,
 Till my Deliverer come ;
 And wipe away his servant's tears,
 And take his exile home.

3 O, what hath Jesus bought for me !
 Before my ravished eyes,
 Rivers of life divine I see,
 And trees of Paradise !
 I see a world of spirits bright,
 Who taste the pleasures there !
 They all are robed in spotless white,
 And conquering palms they bear.

4 O, what are all my sufferings here,
 If, Lord, thou count me meet,
 With that enraptured host t'appear,
 And worship at thy feet !
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life or friends away ;
 But let me find them all again,
 In that eternal day.

1. Man the life-boat! man the life-boat! Hearts of love, your succor lend!

See! the shattered vessel staggers! Quick! O quick! assistance lend!

Now the fragile boat is hanging On the billow's feathery height;

Now 'midst fearful depths descending, While we wither at the sight.
Rit.

NO PARTING THERE. S. M.

J. W. D.

1. And may I still get there? Still reach the heavenly shore? The
 Cho. There'll be no parting there, There'll be no parting there; In
 land for - ev - er bright and fair, Where sorrow reigns no more?
 heaven a - lone no sorrow's known, There'll be no parting there.

6

2 Shall I, unworthy I,
 To fear and doubting given,
 Mount up at last, and happy fly
 On angel's wings to heaven. Cho.
 3 Hail, love divine and pure!
 Hail, mercy from the skies!

My hopes are bright and now secure,
 Upborne by faith I rise. Cho.

4 I part with earth and sin,
 And shout the danger's past;
 My Saviour takes me fully in,
 And I am his at last. W. HUNTER.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

2 Courage! courage! she's in safety!
 See again her buoyant form,
 By his gracious hand uplifted,
 Who controls the raging storm.
 With her precious cargo freighted,
 Now the life-boat nears the shore;
 Parents, brethren, friends, embracing,
 Those they thought to see no more.
 3 Christian! pause, and deeply ponder;
 Is there nothing you can do?
 The sinking ship, the storm, the life-boat,
 Have they not a voice for you?

There's a storm, a fearful tempest—
 Souls are sinking in despair;
 There's a shore of blessed refuge,
 Try, O try to guide them there.
 4 O, remember Him who saved you,
 Whose right hand deliverance wrought,
 Who, from depths of guilt and anguish,
 You to peace and safety brought;
 'Tis His voice who cheers you onward;
 "He that winneth souls is wise;"
 Launch the Gospel's blessed life-boat;
 Venture all to win the prize.

1. Thou dear Redeem - er, dy - ing Lamb! We love to hear of
 2. O, let us ev - er hear thy voice In mercy to us

3. Our Je - sus shall be still our theme, While in this world we
 4. When we appear in yonder cloud, With all the favored

thee; No mu - sic's like thy charming name, Nor
 speak; And in our Priest we will re - joice, Thou

stay; We'll sing our Je - sus' love - ly name When
 throng, Then will we sing more sweet, more loud, And

half so sweet to me, Nor half so sweet to me.
 great Melchis - e - dec, Thou great Mel - chis - e - dec.

all things else de - cay, When all things else de - cay.
 Christ shall be our song, And Christ shall be our song.

1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone ? And all the world go free ;
 2. How happy are the saints above, Who once went sorrowing here ;
 3. The con-se-crated cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free ;

No, there's a cross for every one, And there's a cross for me.
 But now they taste unmingle love, And joy without a tear.

And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

9 *Remember me.*

1 O Thou from whom all goodness flows,
 I lift my soul to thee ;
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
 O Lord, remember me.

2 If, for thy sake, upon my name
 Reproach and shame shall be,
 I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame ;
 O Lord, remember me.

3 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
 This feeble body see ;
 Grant patience, rest, and kind relief ;
 O Lord, remember me.

4 When, in the solemn hour of death,
 I wait thy just decree,
 Be this the prayer of my last breath, —
 O Lord, remember me.

5 And when before thy throne I stand,
 And lift my soul to thee,
 Then, with the saints at thy right hand,
 O Lord, remember me.

10 *Walk in the light.*

1 Walk in the light ! so shalt thou know
 That fellowship of love,
 His Spirit only can bestow
 Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light ! and thou shalt find
 Thy heart made truly His
 Who dwells in cloudless light enshri'ed,
 In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light ! and thou shalt own
 Thy darkness passed away,
 Because that light hath on thee shone
 In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light ! and e'en the tomb
 No fearful shade shall wear ;
 Glory shall chase away its gloom,
 For Christ hath conquered there.

5 Walk in the light ! thy path shall be
 Peaceful, serene, and bright :
 For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
 And God himself is light.

Words by Rev. J. HASCALL.

J. W. D.



1. My latest sun is sinking fast, My race is nearly run;



2. I know I'm nearing the holy ranks Of friends and kindred dear,



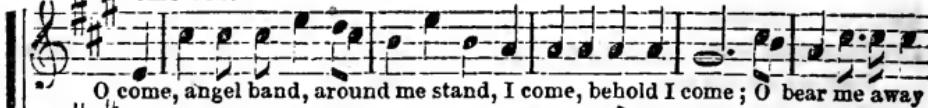
My strongest trials now are past, My triumph is be - gun.



For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks, The crossing must be near.



CHORUS.



O come, angel band, around me stand, I come, behold I come ; O bear me away



on your snowy wings, To my own immortal home, To my own immortal home.

Rit.



Words by Rev. W. F. WARREN.

Arranged by J. W. D.

FINE.

1. Out on an ocean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide, We're, &c. [bound.]

Promise of which on us each he bestowed, We're, &c.

Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode, Seeking our Father's celestial abode,

D. C.

12

2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound.

Look ! yonder lie the bright heavenly
shores,

We're homeward bound.

Steady, O pilot ! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale,
O, how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail,
We're homeward bound.

3 Down the horizon the earth disappears,
We're homeward bound.

Joyful, O comrades ! no sighing or tears,
We're homeward bound.

Listen ! what music comes soft o'er the sea,
"Welcome, thrice welcome and blessed
are ye."

Can it the greeting of Paradise be ?
We're homeward bound.

4 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last.

Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last.

Glory to God ! all our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore ;
Glory to God ! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings ;
The holy ones, behold, they come !
I hear the noise of wings.

4 O, bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me ;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.

1. The day has come, the joy - ful day, At last the day has come,
 That saints and angels joy display, O'er sinners coming home;
 They're coming home, they're coming home, Behold them coming home.

FINE.

Close with 2d strain.

They're coming home, they're coming home, Behold them coming home,

13

2 The saints of God fresh courage take,
 Are strong in conquering prayer ;
 The hosts of hell with terror shake,
 While God displays his power.

3 How beautiful on mountains' top,
 The herald's feet appear ;
 While tidings, blessed tidings drop,
 The broken heart to cheer.

4 To all the region round about,
 The news has swiftly flown,
 That sinners, deep in guilt, have sought
 And found what others spurn.

5 Backsliders, too, begin to view
 What traitors they have been ;
 Confessing, ask, " what shall I do ? "
 A hell I feel within.

1. Majestic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Saviour's brow; His head with

radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.

14 *Indebtedness to Christ.*

2 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

15 *The Wanderer's Return.*

1 O for a closer walk with God,—
A calm and heavenly frame;

A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made thee mourn
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

J. INGALLS.

1. O for a thousand tongues, to sing, My great Redeemer's
 praise; The glories of my God and King, The
 The glories of my
 The glories of my God and King, The glories of my
 glories of my God and King, The tri - umphs of his grace.
 triumphs of his grace,
 God and King,
 God and King, The tri - umphs of his grace.

16

General Invitation to praise the Redeemer.

2 My gracious Master, and my God, Assist me to proclaim,— To spread, through all the earth abroad, The honors of thy Name.	4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin, He sets the prisoner free ; His blood can make the foulest clean ; His blood availed for me.
3 Jesus ! the Name that charms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease ; 'Tis music in the sinner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.	5 He speaks,—and, listening to his voice, New life the dead receive ; The mournful, broken hearts rejoice ; The humble poor believe

1. My heavenly home is bright and fair ; Nor pain nor death can enter there ;
Its glittering towers the sun outshine ; That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

CHORUS.

I'm going home, I'm going home, I'm going home to die no more.
To die no more, to die no more, I'm going home to die no more.

17

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky ;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam ;
And, though like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow ;
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

18 *The Race for Glory.*

TUNE, "NORTFIELD."

1 Awake, my soul ! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on ;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis he whose hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey ;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Our race have we begun ;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
We'll lay our trophies down.

1. In the Christian's home in glory, There remains a land of rest;

There my Saviour's gone be - fore me, To ful - fil my soul's request.

CHORUS.

There is rest, for the weary, There is rest for the weary,
 On the other side of Jordan, In the sweet fields of Eden,

There is rest for the weary, There is rest for you—
 Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

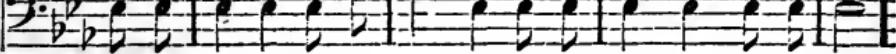
FINE.

1. Come, thou Fount of every blessing ! Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.

Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it ; Mount of thy redeeming love.

D. C.

Teach me some me - lodious son - net, Sung by flaming tongues a - bove ;



20

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer ;
 Hither by thy help I'm come ;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God ;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be !
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee :
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
 Prone to leave the God I love ;
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it ;
 Seal it for thy courts above.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
 Which eternally shall stand ;
 For my stay shall not be transient
 In that holy, happy land.
 3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
 Grief nor woe my lot shall share ;
 But in that celestial centre,
 I a crown of life shall wear.

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
 And his sting shall be withdrawn ;
 Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed !
 Hail with joy the rising morn.
 5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory ;
 Shout your triumph as you go ;
 Zion's gates will open for you,
 You shall find an entrance through.

Andante.

1. Be - hold! be - hold! the Lamb of God, On the
For you he shed his precious blood, On the

Andantino.

cross, on the cross. Now hear his all im - portant cry,

A Tempo.

"E - loi la - ma sa - bac - tha - ni: Draw near and

see your Sa - viour die, On the cross, on the cross.

1. My hope, my all, my Saviour thou, To thee, lo, now my soul I bow;

I feel the bliss thy wounds impart, I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.

22 For sustaining grace.

2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way,
Protect me through my life's short day;
In all my acts may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.

3 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's power;
Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Saviour, reign alone.

4 My suffering time shall soon be o'er;
Then shall I sigh and weep no more;
My ransomed soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

23 Doxology.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

2 Come, sinners, see him lifted up,
On the cross, on the cross.
He drinks for you the bitter cup,
On the cross, on the cross.
To heaven he turns his languid eyes,
"Tis finished," now the conqueror cries,
Then bows his sacred head and dies,
On the cross, on the cross.

3 'Tis done! the mighty deed is done,
On the cross, on the cross.
The battle fought, the victory won,
On the cross, on the cross.
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for your sake,
On the cross, on the cross.

4 Where'er I go I'll tell the story,
Of the cross, of the cross.
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the cross, save the cross.
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time, and in eternity,
That Jesus suffered death for me,
On the cross, on the cross.

5 Let every mourner come and cling
To the cross, to the cross.
Let every Christian come and sing,
Round the cross, round the cross.
Here let the preacher take his stand,
And with the Bible in his hand,
Proclaim the triumphs of the Lamb,
On the cross, on the cross.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend;

Life, and health, and peace possessing, From the sinner's dying friend.

Love and grief my heart dividing, With my tears his feet I'll bathe;

Still in faith and hope a-biding, Life de-riving from his death.

24

2 O how blessed is this station !
 Low before the cross I'll lie,
 While I see divine compassion
 Pleading in the victim's eye ;
 Here I'll sit, forever viewing,
 Mercy streaming in his blood ;
 Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the Lamb I gaze ;
 Here I see my sins forgiven,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.
 May I still enjoy this feeling,
 In all need to Jesus go ;
 Prove each day his blood more healing,
 And Himself more deeply know.

25 *Hymn for Seamen.*

1 Tossed upon life's raging billow,
 Sweet it is, O Lord, to know
 Thon didst press a sailor's pillow,
 And canst feel a sailor's woe.
 Never slumbering, never sleeping,
 Though the night be dark and drear,
 Thou the faithful watch art keeping,
 "All, all's well," thy constant cheer.

2 And though loud the wind is howling,
 Fierce though flash the lightnings red,
 Darkly though the storm-cloud's scowling
 O'er the sailor's anxious head ;
 Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
 All its noise and tumult still ;
 Hush the tempest's wild commotion,
 At the bidding of Thy will

3 Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
 While to Thee I lift my eye ;
 Thou wilt save me ere I perish ;
 Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry ;
 And though mast and sail be riven,
 Life's short voyage will soon be o'er ;
 Safely moored in heaven's wide haven,
 Storm and tempest vex no more.

NETTLETON.

26 *Vanity of earthly treasures.*

1 Vain are all terrestrial pleasures ;
 Mixed with dross the purest gold ;
 Seek we then for heavenly treasures,—
 Treasures never waxing old.
 Let our best affections centre
 On the things around the throne :
 There no thief can ever enter ;
 Moth and rust are there unknown.

2 Earthly joys no longer please us :
 Here would we renounce them all ;
 Seek our only rest in Jesus,
 Him our Lord and Master call.
 Faith, our languid spirits cheering,
 Points to brighter worlds above ;
 Bids us look for his appearing ;
 Bids us triumph in his love.

3 May our light be always burning,
 And our loins be girded round,
 Waiting for our Lord's returning,—
 Longing for the welcome sound.
 Thus the Christian life adorning,
 Never need we be afraid,
 Should he come at night or morning,
 Early dawn, or evening shade.

27 *The desire of all nations.*

1 Come, thou long-expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free ;
 From our sins and fears release us,
 Let us find our rest in thee.
 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
 Hope of all the saints thou art ;
 Dear Desire of every nation,
 Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born, thy people to deliver ;
 Born a child—and yet a King ;
 Born to reign in us forever,
 Now thy precious kingdom bring
 By thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

1. Take up thy Cross ! the Saviour said, If thou wouldest my dis-ci - ple

be; Take up thy Cross, with willing heart, And humbly

fol - low af - ter me, And humbly follow af - ter me.

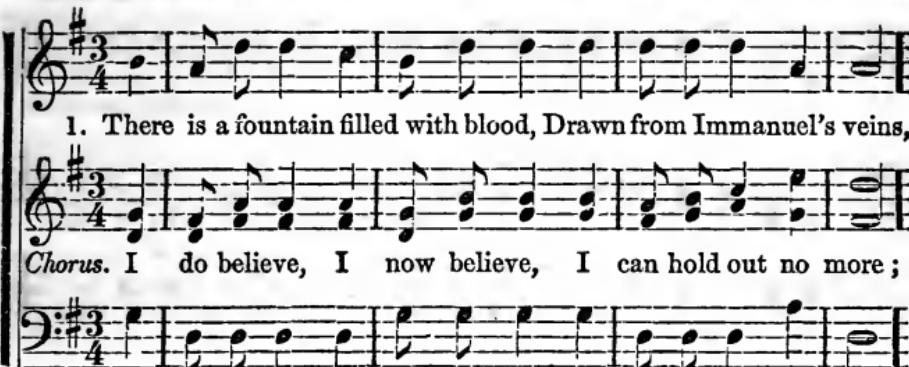
28

2 Take up thy Cross ! and follow me,
Nor think till death to lay it down ;
For only he who bears the Cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

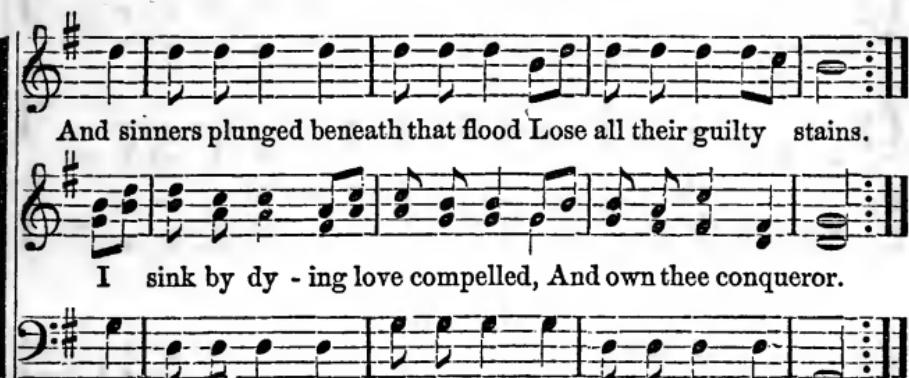
3 Take up thy Cross ! nor heed the shame,
And let thy foolish pride be still ;
Thy Lord did not refuse to die
Upon a cross on Calvary's hill.

4 Take up thy Cross ! nor let its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm ;
My strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thy arm.

5 Take up thy Cross ! then, in his strength,
And calmly, sin's wild deluge brave ;
'Twill guide you to a better home,
It points to bliss beyond the grave.



1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
Chorus. I do believe, I now believe, I can hold out no more;



And sinners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilty stains.
 I sink by dying love compelled, And own thee conqueror.

29

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day ;
 And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb ! thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed Church of God
 Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

30 *Salvation by Christ.*

1 Salvation ! O, the joyful sound !
 'Tis pleasure to our ears ;
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay ;
 But we arise by grace divine,
 To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

4 Salvation ! O, thou bleeding Lamb,
 To thee the praise belongs ;
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.

1. There is a place where my hopes are stayed, My heart and my treasure are there;
 Where verdure and blossoms never fade, And fields are e - ter - nally fair.

Where verdure and blossoms never fade, And fields are e - ter - nally fair.

CHORUS.

That blissful place is my father-land, By faith its delights I explore;
 Come, favor my flight, an - gel - ic band, And waft me in peace to the shore.

Come, favor my flight, an - gel - ic band, And waft me in peace to the shore.

The hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets,
Be -
Before we reach the

fore we reach the heavenly fields, Be - fore we reach the heavenly fields,
heavenly fields,..... Be - fore we reach the heavenly fields,

Or walk the golden streets.

33 *Glory begun below.*

1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.
Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

2 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow:
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

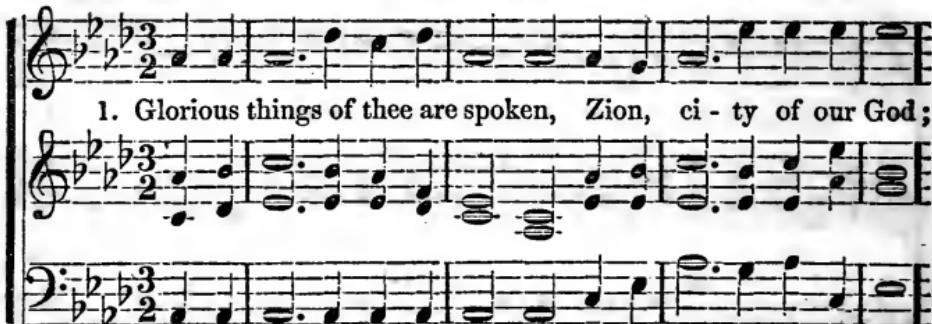
2 There is a place where the angels dwell,
A pure and a peaceful abode;
The joys of that place no tongue can tell,
But there is the palace of God.

3 There is a place where my friends are
gone,
Who suffered and worshipped with me;

1 Exalted with Christ high on his throne,
The King in his beauty they see.

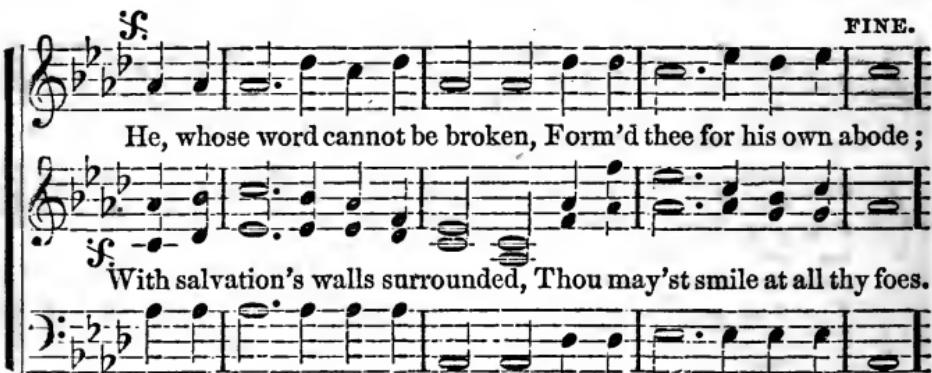
4 There is a place where I hope to live,
When life and its labors are o'er;
A place which the Lord to me will give,
And then I shall sorrow no more.

REV. W. HUNTER.



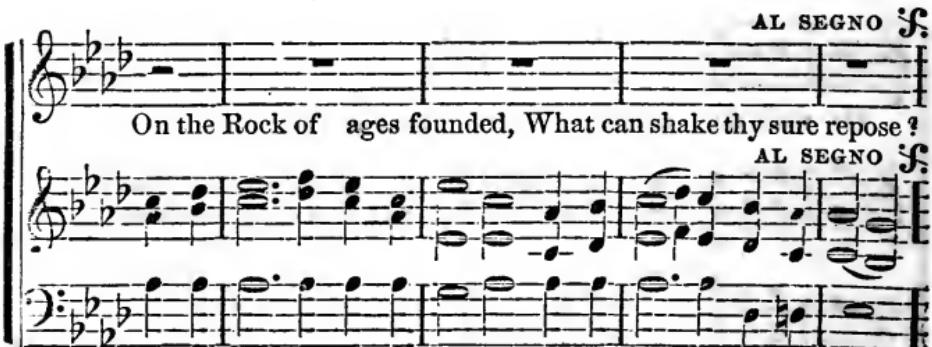
1. Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, ci - ty of our God;

FINE.



He, whose word cannot be broken, Form'd thee for his own abode;
With salvation's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

AL SEGNO



On the Rock of ages founded, What can shake thy sure repose?

AL SEGNO

34

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Still supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows our thirst to' assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
He who gives us daily manna,
He who listens when we cry,
Let him hear the loud Hosanna
Rising to his throne on high.

1. Come, sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glo - ry sing: Je-
 ho - vah is the sov'-reign God, The u - - ni - ver-sal King.

35

2 Come, worship at his throne ;
 Come, bow before the Lord ;
 We are his work, and not our own,
 He formed us by his word.

3 To-day attend his voice,
 Nor dare provoke his rod ;
 Come, like the people of his choice,
 And own your gracious God.

Hymns for tune on opposite page.

36 Spirit's quickening influences.

1 Come, thou everlasting Spirit,
 Bring to every thankful mind
 All the Saviour's dying merit,
 All his sufferings for mankind :
 True recorder of his passion,
 Now the living faith impart ;
 Now reveal his great salvation
 Unto every faithful heart.

2 Come, thou Witness of his dying ;
 Come, Remembrancer divine ;
 Let us feel thy power applying
 Christ to every soul and mine ;
 Let us groan thine inward groaning ;
 Look on Him we pierced, and grieve ;
 All partake the grace atoning,—
 All the sprinkled blood receive.

37 The heavenly banquet.

1 Jesus spreads his banner o'er us,
 Cheers our famished souls with food ;
 He the banquet spreads before us,
 Of his mystic flesh and blood.
 Precious banquet ; bread of heaven ;
 Wine of gladness, flowing free ;
 May we taste it, kindly given,
 In remembrance, Lord, of thee.

2 In thy holy incarnation,
 When the angels sang thy birth ;
 In thy fasting and temptation ;
 In thy labors on the earth ;
 In thy trial and rejection ;
 In thy sufferings on the tree ;
 In thy glorious resurrection ;
 May we, Lord, remember thee.

Arranged by G. W. BALLOU. [By permission.]

Moderato.

6 6
8 8

1. Depth of mercy! can there be Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear? Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

6 6
8 8

CHORUS. Quite fast.

God is love! I know, I feel; Je-sus weeps, and loves me still;

Je-sus weeps, he weeps and loves me still.

2 I have long withheld his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, How shall I give thee up?
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

5 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel:
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

1. Am I a soldier of the cross,—A follower of the Lamb,—
 And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name ?

39 *Faith sees the final triumph.*

2 Must I be carried to the skies
 On flowery beds of ease;
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas ?

3 Are there no foes for me to face ?
 Must I not stem the flood ?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God ?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
 Increase my courage, Lord ;
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
 Shall conquer, though they die ;
 They see the triumph from afar,—
 By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine
 In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

40 *Walk in the Light.*

1 Walk in the light ! so shalt thou know
 That fellowship of love,
 His Spirit only can bestow
 Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light ! and thou shalt find
 Thy heart made truly his
 Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
 In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light ! and thou shalt own
 Thy darkness passed away,
 Because that Light hath on thee shone
 In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light ! and e'en the tomb
 No fearful shade shall wear ;
 Glory shall chase away its gloom,
 For Christ hath conquered there.

5 Walk in the light ! thy path shall be
 Peaceful, serene, and bright :
 For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
 And God himself is light.



1. Whither, pilgrims, are you going, Each with staff in hand?



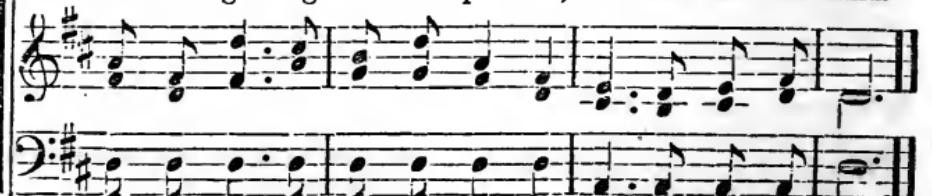
We are go-ing on a journey, At the king's command;



Over plains, and hills, and valleys, We are going to his palace,



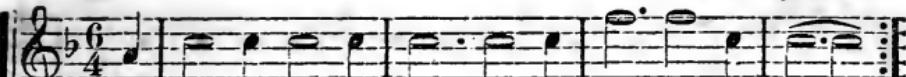
We are go-ing to his pal-ace, In the bet-ter land.



GLORY TO THE LAMB.

REV. W. B. GORHAM.

33



1. The world is ov - er - come by the blood of the Lamb ! }
 The world is ov - er - come by the blood of the Lamb ! }
 2. My sins are washed a - way in the blood of the Lamb !



Glory to the Lamb ! Glory to the Lamb ! Glory to the Lamb !



42

3 The devil's overcome by the blood of the Lamb ! Glory, &c.	5 The martyrs overcame by the blood of the Lamb ! Glory, &c.
4 I've lost the fear of death through the blood of the Lamb ! Glory &c.	6 I hope to gain the skies by the blood of the Lamb ! Glory, &c.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

2 Fear ye not the way so lonely,
 You, a feeble band ?
 No, for friends unseen are near us,
 Angels round us stand ;
 Christ, our leader, walks beside us,
 He will guard, and He will guide us,
 He will guard, and He will guide us,
 To the better land.

3 Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for,
 In the better land ?
 Spotless robes and crowns of glory,
 From a Saviour's hand ;

We shall drink of life's clear river,
 We shall dwell with God forever,
 We shall dwell with God forever,
 In the better land

4 Will you let me travel with you
 To the better land ?
 Come away, we bid you welcome
 To our little band.
 Come, O come ! we cannot leave you,
 Christ is waiting to receive you,
 Christ is waiting to receive you,
 In the better land.

THE EDEN ABOVE. 12s & 11s.

Arr. by J. W. D.

1. We're bound for the land of the pure and the ho-ly, The
Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of fol-ly, O

CHORUS.

home of the happy, the kingdom of love; }
say, will you go to the Eden above? } Will you go, will you

go, will you go, will you go? O say, will you go to the Eden above?

43

2.

In that blessed land neither sighing nor
anguish
Can breathe in the fields where the glori-
fied rove;
Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery
languish,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?

CHORUS.

3.

No poverty there—no, the saints are all
wealthy,
The heirs of his glory whose nature is
love;
Nor sickness can reach them, that country
is healthy;
O say, will you go to the Eden above?

CHORUS.

EXPOSTULATION. 11s.

33

1st time.

2d time.

1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will you die,
D. C. And angels are waiting to wel - - - - - come you

FINE.

D. C.

{ When God in great mercy is com - ing so nigh ?
home. { Since Je - sus in - vites you, the Spir - it says, Come,

44

2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away ;
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

2 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O, how can you question, if you will believe ?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come ?
'Tis you he bids welcome ; he bids you come home.

4 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain ;
To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high ?

5 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your heart,
And trusting in Heaven, we never shall part ;
O how can we leave you ? why will you not come ?
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

4.

March on, happy pilgrims, that land is before you,
And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove ;
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory.
And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.
We will go, &c.
O yes, we will go to the Eden above.

5.

And yet, guilty sinner, we would not forsake thee,
We halt yet a moment as onward we move ;
O come to thy Lord, in his arms he will

take thee.
And bear thee along to the Eden above.
Will you go, &c.

O say, will you go to the Eden above ?

6.

Methinks thou art now in thy wretchedness saying,
O, who can this guilt from my conscience remove ?
No other but Jesus ; then come to him praying—
Prepare me, O Lord, for the Eden above.
Will you go, &c.
At last, will you go to the Eden above ?

REV. W. HUNTER.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that thy blood was

2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not, To rid my soul of

shed for me, And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O

one dark blot; To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O

Lamb of God, I come, I come; O Lamb of God, I come.

45

3 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee I find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am—though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt;
Fightings within, and fears without—
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

1. To - day the Saviour calls! Ye wanderers, come;

2. To - day the Saviour calls! For ref - uge fly;

O, ye be - night - ed souls, Why long - er roam?

The storm of vengeance falls; And death is nigh.

46

3 To-day the Saviour calls!

O, hear him now:

Within these sacred walls

To Jesus bow.

4 The Spirit calls to-day!

Yield to his power;

O, grieve him not away,

'Tis mercy's hour.

Hymn for tune on opposite page.

47

*Just as thou art.**

1.

Just as thou art—without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O guilty sinner, come, O come!

2.

Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree;
The stripes thy due were laid on me,
That peace and pardon might be free—
O wretched sinner, come, O come!

3.

Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears:
O, trembling sinner, come, O come!

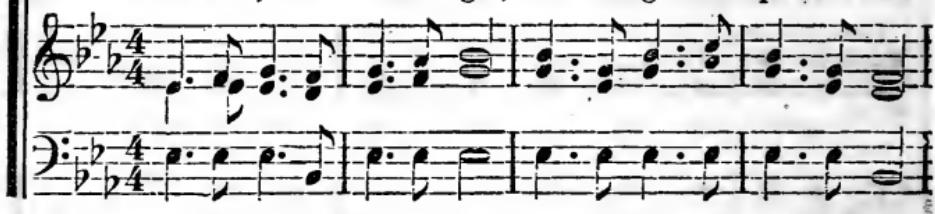
4.

"The Spirit and the bride say, Come!"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come! [come,
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may
Thy Saviour bids thee, Come, O come!

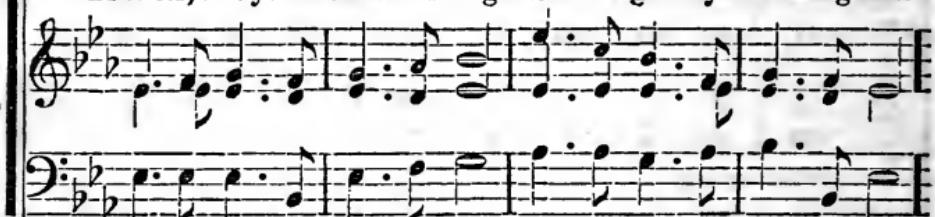
* OMIT LAST TWO WORDS FOR LAST STRAIN



1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are.



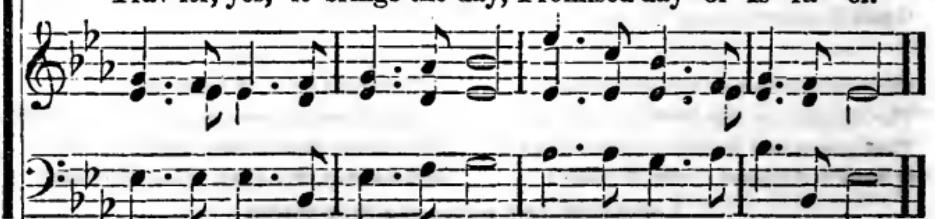
Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain's height See the glo - ry - beaming star.



Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy foretell?



Trav'ler, yes, it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el.



48 *The Watchman's report.*

1 Watchman, tell us of the night ;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams, alone,
Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
Trav'ler, ages are its own ;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.

Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight ;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wandering cease ;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ler, lo ! the Prince of Peace,
Lo ! the Son of God is come.

49 *The only Refuge.*

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high ;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee :
Leave, O leave me not alone ;
Still support and comfort me :
All my trust on thee is stayed ;
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want :
More than all in thee I find :
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name ;
I am all unrighteousness ;
False, and full of sin I am ;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
Grace to cover all my sin :
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art ;
Freely let me take of thee :
Spring thou up within my heart ;
Rise to all eternity.

50 *The cry of the heathen.*

TUNE, "MISSIONARY HYMN."

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand ;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile :
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown ;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation ! O salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole :
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

"And there shall be no night there."—Rev. xxii. 5.

1. No night shall be in heaven ! No gath'ring gloom Shall o'er that

glorious landscape ev - er come : No tears shall fall in sadness

o'er those flowers, That breathe their fragrance thro' celestial bowers.

51

2 No night shall be in Heaven ! no dreadful hour
Of mental darkness, or the tempter's power ;
Across those skies no envious cloud shall roll,
To dim the sunlight of the raptured soul.

3 No night shall be in Heaven ! no sorrow's reign,
No secret anguish, no corporeal pain ;
No shivering limbs, no burning fever there :
No soul's eclipse, no winter of despair.

PLEADING SAVIOUR. 8s & 7s.

42.

FINE.

1. Now the Saviour stands and pleading, At the sinner's bolted heart ; }
Now in heaven he's in - ter - ceding, Under - taking sinners' part. }
Once he died for your be - havior, Now he calls you to his arms.

D. C.

Sinner, can you hate the Savior ? Can you thrust him from your arms ?

52

2 Jesus stands, O how amazing,
Stands and knocks at every door ;
In his hands ten thousand blessings,
Proffered to the wretched poor.

3 See him bleeding, dying, rising,
To prepare you heavenly rest ;
Listen, while he kindly calls you,
Hear, and be forever blest.

4 Now he has not come to judgment,
To condemn your wretched race ;
But to ransom ruined sinners,
And display unbounded grace.

5 Will you plunge in endless darkness,
There to bear eternal pain ;
Or to realms of glorious brightness
Rise, and with him ever reign ?

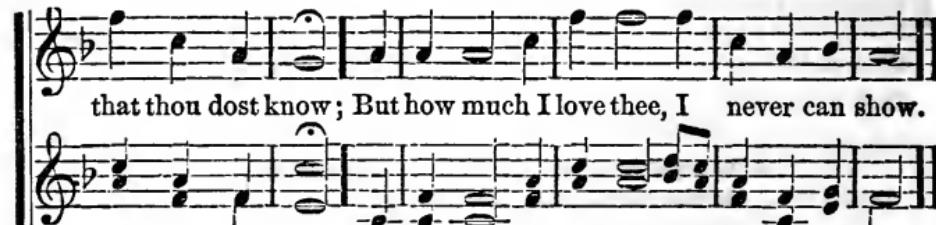
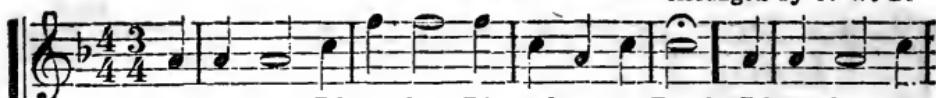
Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

4 No night shall be in Heaven—but endless noon ;
No fast-declining sun, nor waning moon ;
But there the LAMB shall yield perpetual light,
'Mid pastures green, and waters ever bright.

5 No night shall be in Heaven—no darkened room,
No bed of death, nor silence of the tomb ;
But breezes, ever fresh with love and truth,
Shall brace the frame with an immortal youth.

6 No night shall be in Heaven ! but night is here,
The night of sorrow, and the night of fear ;
I mourn the ills that now my steps attend,
And shrink from others that may yet impend.

7 No night shall be in Heaven ! O, had I faith
To rest in what the faithful Witness saith,
That faith should make these hideous phantoms flee,
And leave no night, henceforth, on earth, to me.

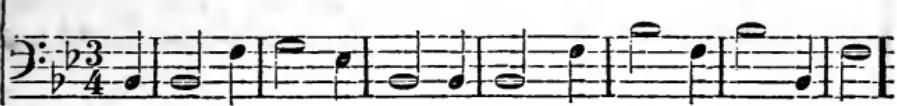


3 O Jesus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest!
My life and salvation, my joy and my rest!
Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my song,
Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.

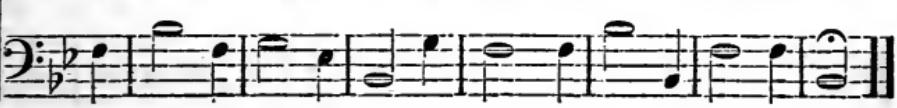
4 O, who's like my Saviour? He's Salem's bright King;
He smiles, and he loves me, and learns me to sing;
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud and shrill.
While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill.



1. O, how divine, how sweet the joy, When but one sinner turns,



And with an humble, broken heart, His sin and error mourns!



54 Joy over the repenting sinner.

1 O, how divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And with an humble, broken heart,
His sin and error mourns !

2 Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

3 Well pleased, the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan ;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire :
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

55 The pledge of joys to come.

1 Why should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days ?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
The tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven ?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven ?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood ;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,—
The pledge of joys to come ;
May thy blest wings, celestial Dove,
Safely convey me home.

44 TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN. C. M.

Tenderly.

J. W. D.

1. The night comes stealing on, mother, With gentle, loving tone,

And here be - side thy grave I stand, Sweet mother, all a - lone.

Ah! many an eve has passed a-way, Bright suns have rose and set,

Fair moons have come and gone again, Since last, since last we met.

1. I love thy kingdom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode;

2. I love thy church, O God ! Her walls be - fore thee stand,

The church our blest Redeem - er saved With his own precious blood.

Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, And graven on thy hand.

57

2 For her my tears shall fall :

For her my prayers ascend :

To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy

I prize her heavenly ways ;

Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.*Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.*

2 My heart is sad to-night, mother,

E'en sadder than before ;

For memory wanders far, far back
To happy scenes of yore.To golden, halcyon, dreaming days,
When often at thy feet,I sat me down to weave fair flowers,
In garlands fresh and sweet.

3 And then around my brow, mother,

Those garlands you would twine,

And murmur, may life's fairest flowers,
My darling, e'er-be thine.

Then let me, let me weep to-night

O'er life's now withered flowers,

Whose fragrance filled my youthful breast
In earlier, happier hours.

4 I'm kneeling by thy grave, mother,

To wait thy blessing given,

And list the whispered words of love
Borne from thy home in Heaven.

And now I leave thy resting-place,

To come again no more,

Till autumn's plaintive moan is heard
From summer's leafy shore.

LETA LYNDON.

1. Afflictions though they seem severe, In mer-cy oft are sent; They stop'd the
 I'll die no more for bread, he cried, Nor starve in foreign lands; My father's
 prodigal's career, And caused him to repent. I'll die no more for bread,
 house hath large supplies, And bounteous are his hands.

FINE.

D. C.

prodigal's career, And caused him to repent. I'll die no more for bread,
 house hath large supplies, And bounteous are his hands.

58

2 What have I gained by sin, he said,
 But hunger, shame and fear ;
 My father's house abounds with bread,
 While I am starving here.

3 I'll go and tell him all I've done,
 Fall down before his face,
 Unworthy to be called his son,
 I'll seek a servant's place.

4 His father saw him coming back,
 He saw, and ran, and smiled ;
 And threw his arms around the neck
 Of his rebellious child.

5 Father, I've sinned ; but O, forgive !
 Enough ! the father said ;
 Rejoice, my house ! my son's alive,
 For whom I mourned as dead.

6 Now let the fatted calf be slain,
 And spread the news around ;
 My son was dead, and lives again ;
 Was lost, but now is found.

7 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
 To call poor sinners home ;
 More than a father's love he feels,
 And welcomes all that come.

Doxology.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Who sweetly all agree,
 To save a world of sinners lost,
 Eternal glory be.

1. "Mercy, O thou son of David!" Thus the blind Bartimeus pray'd;
 2. Many for his crying chid him, But he called the louder still;

"Others by thy word are saved, Now to me af - ford thine aid."
 Till the gracious Savior bid him, "Come and ask me what you will."

59

3 Money was not what he wanted,
 Though by begging used to live ;
 But he asked, and Jesus granted
 Alms which none but he could give.

4 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
 Let my eyes behold the day!"
 Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
 Followed Jesus in the way.

5 Now, methinks, I hear him praising,
 Publishing to all around,—
 "Friends, is not my case amazing?
 What a Saviour I have found!"

6 "O, that all the blind but knew him,
 And would be advised by me!
 Surely they would hasten to him,
 He would cause them all to see."

60 *Funeral hymn.*

1 Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
 Gentle as the summer breeze ;
 Pleasant as the air of evening,
 When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
 Peaceful in the grave so low ;
 Thou no more wilt join our number ;
 Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us ;
 Here thy loss we deeply feel ;
 But 'tis God that hath bereft us ;
 He can still our sorrow heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
 When the day of life is fled ;
 Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee,
 Where no farewell tear is shed.

48 O, SING TO ME OF HEAVEN. S. M.

Air from "Sacred Melodies," by permission. Har. by E. R. BLANCHARD.

1. Oh, sing to me of heaven, When I am called to die,
 Cho. There'll be no sor - ro *w* there, There'll be no sorrow there,

Sing songs of ho - ly ecsta - cy, To waft my soul on high.
 In heaven above, where all is love, There'll be no sorrow there.

61

2 When cold and sluggish drops
 Roll off my marble brow,
 Break forth in songs of joyfulness,
 Let heaven begin below.
 3 When the last moments come,
 O, watch my dying face,
 To catch the bright seraphic gleam
 Which o'er my features plays.
 4 Then to my raptured ear,
 Let one sweet song be given ;
 Let music charm me last on earth,
 And greet me first in heaven.

5 Then close my sightless eyes,
 And lay me down to rest ;
 And fold my pale and icy hands
 Upon my lifeless breast.

6 Then round my senseless clay
 Assemble those I love ;
 And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
 My glorious home above. MRS. DANA.

62 All-sufficient grace.

1 Grace ! 'tis a charming sound,
 Harmonious to the ear ;
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.

CHO. I'm glad salvation's free,
 I'm glad salvation's free ;
 Salvation's free for you and me,
 I'm glad salvation's free.

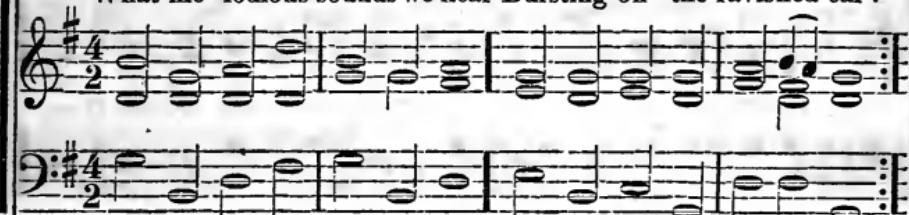
2 Grace first contrived a way
 To save rebellious man ;
 And all the steps that grace display,
 Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
 To tread the heavenly road ;
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting days ;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves our praise.



1. From the cross up - lift - ed high, Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What me - lodious sounds we hear Bursting on the ravished ear :—



Love's redeem - ing work is done—Come and welcome, sinner, come !



63 *Come, and welcome.*

1 From the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear
Bursting on the ravished ear :
Love's redeeming work is done—
Come and welcome, sinner, come !

2 Sprinkled now with blood the throne—
Why beneath thy burdens groan ?
On his pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid ;
Bow the knee,—embrace the Son—
Come and welcome, sinner, come !

3 Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest bounty stored ;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Thou shalt be a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam ;
Come and welcome, sinner, come !

64 *In Darkness.*

1 Once I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fixed, no more to move ;
Then my Saviour was my song,
Then my soul was filled with love :
Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

2 Little, then, myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's power ;
Now I feel my sins renew,
Now I feel the stormy hour ;
Sin has put my joys to flight,—
Sin has turned my day to night.

3 Saviour ! shine, and cheer my soul,
Bid my dying hopes revive ;
Make my wounded spirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive ;
Speak the word and set me free,—
Let me live alone to thee.

Matthew 11, 28.

E. R. BLANCHARD.

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) in common time, 4 flats. The soprano part begins with a dotted half note followed by an eighth note. The alto part follows with a dotted half note and an eighth note. The bass part begins with a quarter note. The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Come un - to me and rest;

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) in common time, 4 flats. The soprano part begins with a quarter note. The alto part follows with a quarter note. The bass part begins with a quarter note. The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast.

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) in common time, 4 flats. The soprano part begins with a quarter note. The alto part follows with a quarter note. The bass part begins with a quarter note. The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

I came to Je - sus as I was, Weary, and worn, and sad;

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) in common time, 4 flats. The soprano part begins with a quarter note. The alto part follows with a quarter note. The bass part begins with a quarter note. The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

I found in him a resting place, And he has made me glad.

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) in common time, 4 flats. The soprano part begins with a quarter note. The alto part follows with a quarter note. The bass part begins with a quarter note. The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

1. Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep, To thee for help we fly:
 2. He comes, of hellish malice full, To scatter, tear, and slay;

Thy lit - tle flock in safe - ty keep, For O ! the wolf is nigh.
 He seizes every straggling soul As his own lawful prey.

66 *Safety in union.*

3 Us into thy protection take,
 And gather with thine arm ;
 Unless the fold we first forsake,
 The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
 While by our Shepherd's side ;
 The sheep he never can devour,
 Unless he first divide.

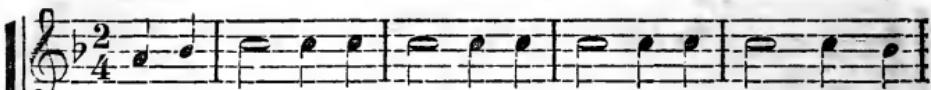
5 O , do not suffer him to part
 The souls that here agree ;
 But make us of one mind and heart,
 And keep us one in thee.

6 Together let us sweetly live,—
 Together let us die ;
 And each a starry crown receive,
 And reign above the sky.

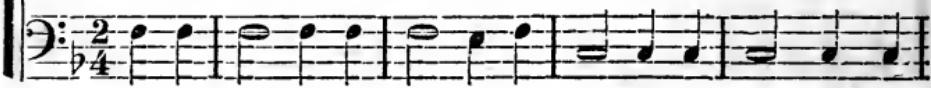
Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 Behold, I freely give
 The living water ; thirsty one,
 Stoop down and drink, and live.
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream ;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 I am this dark world's light ;
 Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright.
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In him my Star, my Sun ;
 And in that light of life I'll walk,
 'Till travelling days are done.



1. O how happy are they Who their Saviour o - bey, And have



laid up their treasures a - bove ! Tongue can never express The sweet



comfort and peace Of a soul in its ear - liest love.



67

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine

I first found in the blood of the Lamb ;
When my heart it believed,
What a joy I received,—
What a heaven in Jesus' name.

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know ;
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.

1. Whither go'st thou, pilgrim stranger, Passing thro' this darksome vale,
Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger, And will not thy courage fail? } No, I'm
bound for the kingdom, Will you go to glory with me? Halle-lu-jah, Praise the Lord.

68

2 Pilgrim thou dost justly call me,
Traveling through this lonely void;
But no ill shall e'er befall me,
While I'm blessed with such a Guide.
O, I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

3 Such a Guide! no guide attends thee,
Hence for thee my fears arise;
If some guardian power defend thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.
O, I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

4 Yes, unseen; but still, believe me,
Such a Guide my steps attend;

He'll in every strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end;
For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly rolling through the vale;
Should its boisterous waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail?
No! I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

6 No! that stream hath nothing frightful,
To its brink my steps I'll bend;
Thence to plunge 't will be delightful;
There my pilgrimage will end.
For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation might see:
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 O, the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fullness of God.

Gentle and flowing style.

1. Happy the spir-it released from its clay; Happy the

soul that goes bounding a-way; Singing as upward it

hastes to the skies, "Victo-ry! victo-ry! homeward I rise.

Many the toils it has passed through below, Many the

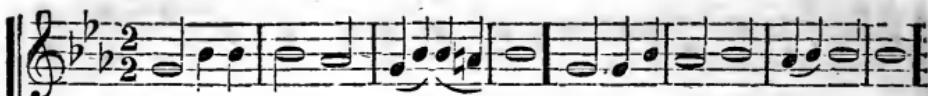
seasons of tri - al and woe; Many the doubtings it
 nev - er should sing, Victo - ry! victo - ry! thus on the wing.

69

2 There lies the wearisome body at rest ;
 Closed are its eye-lids, and quiet its breast ;
 But the glad spirit, on pinions of light,
 “Victory ! victory !” sings in its flight.
 While we are weeping our friends gone from earth,
 Angels are singing their heavenly birth,
 “Welcome, O welcome to our happy shore ;
 Victory ! victory ! weep ye no more.”

3 How can we wish them recalled from their home,
 Longer in sorrowing exile to roam ?
 Safely they passed from their troubles beneath,
 “Victory ! victory !” shouting in death.
 Thus let them slumber, 'till Christ from the skies,
 Bids them in glorified bodies arise ;
 Singing, as upward they spring from the tomb,
 “Victory ! victory ! Jesus hath come.”

REV. W. HUNTER.



1. From every stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes,



There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found beneath the mer-cy-seat.



70 *The mercy-seat.*

2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads ;
A place than all besides more sweet,—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah ! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed ?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat ?

5 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more ;
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

71 *For lowliness and purity.*

1 Jesus, in whom the Godhead's rays
Beam forth with mildest majesty ;
I see thee full of truth and grace,
And come for all I want to thee.

2 Save me from pride,—the plague expel ;
Jesus, thine humble self impart :
O let thy mind within me dwell ;
O give me lowliness of heart.

3 Enter thyself, and cast out sin ;
Thy spotless purity bestow :
Touch me, and make the leper clean ;
Wash me, and I am white as snow.

4 Sprinkle me, Saviour, with thy blood,
And all thy gentleness is mine ;
And plunge me in the purple flood,
Till all I am is lost in thine.

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall ; Bring

forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all, Bring

forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

72

Coronation of Christ.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,

To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
4 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall ;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

1. A home in heaven! what a joy - ful thought, As the poor man

toils in his wea - ry lot! His heart oppressed, and with

anguish driven, From his home be - low, to his home in heaven.

73

2 A home in heaven! as the sufferer lies
 On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
 To that bright home ; what a joy is given,
 With the blessed thought of his home in heaven.

3 A home in heaven ! when our pleasures fade,
 And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid ;
 And strength decays, and our health is riven,
 We are happy still with our home in heaven.

1. Father, I dare believe Thee mer-ci - ful and true: Thou

2. Come, then for Je - sus' sake, And bid my heart be clean; An

wilt my guilty soul for-give, My fall - en soul renew.

end of all my troubles make, An end of all my sin.

74

3 I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing thee,
And waiting for thy blood to' impart
The spotless purity.

4 While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus, the grace bestow;
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

4 A home in heaven ! when the faint heart bleeds,
By the Spirit's stroke, for its evil deeds;
O, them what bliss in that heart forgiven
Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven.

5 A home in heaven ! when our friends are fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead;
We wait in hope on the promise given;
We will meet up there in our home in heaven.

6 Our home in heaven ! O, the glorious home,
And the Spirit, joined with the bride, says "Come !"
Come, seek his face, and your sins forgiven,
And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven.

From "Sabbath Bell," by permission.

G. F. Root.

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, and Bass) in common time, key of G major. The score consists of three staves. The Soprano staff (top) has a treble clef, the Alto staff (middle) has an alto clef, and the Bass staff (bottom) has a bass clef. The vocal parts are accompanied by a piano, indicated by a treble and bass staff with various chords and rests. The lyrics are written below the vocal parts.

A musical score for 'The Slave's Lament' in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of three staves of music with corresponding lyrics in English. The first staff starts with a treble clef, the second with an alto clef, and the third with a bass clef. The lyrics are: 'not detain them as they fly,—Those hours of toil and danger. D. s. just before, the shining shore We may almost dis - cov - er.' The score concludes with a 'FINE.' in the top right corner.

CHORUS. D. S.

For O, we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing over, And

75

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
 Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
 Let every lamp be burning.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
 We need not cease our singing;

That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow,
Each chord on earth to sever,
Our King says come, and there's our home,
Forever! O, forever!

76

2 Hasten, mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

77 *For a general blessing.*

1 Lord, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O, do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down, lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee, a gracious God and kind:
Heal the sick, the captive free:
Let us all rejoice in thee.

J. PARKINSON, by permission.

Lively.

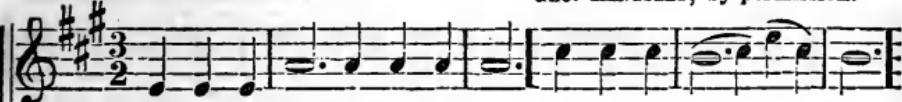
1. A beautiful land by faith I see, A land of rest from sorrow free;

The home of the ransomed, bright and fair, And beautiful

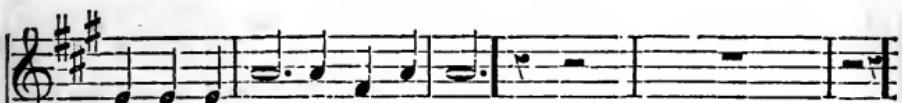
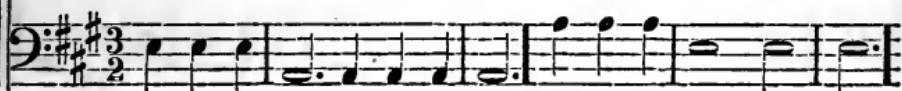
CHORUS.

angels, too, are there. Will you go to that beautiful land? Will you

go to that beautiful land? Will you go to that beautiful land?



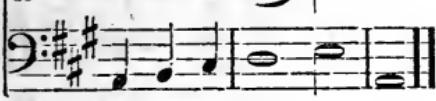
1. This world's not all a fleeting show, For man's il - lu - sion given;



He that hath soothed a widow's wo, Or wiped an orphan's tear, doth know



There's something here of heav'n.



2 And he that walks life's thorny way,
With feelings calm and even,—
Whose path is lit from day to day
By virtue's bright and steady ray,
Hath something felt of heaven.

3 He that the Christian's course has run
And all his foes forgiven,
Who measures out life's little span
In love to God and love to man,
On earth has tasted heaven.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

2 That land is called the City of Light;
It ne'er has known the shades of night;
For the glory of God as the light of day,
Hath driven the darkness far away.

3 In vision I see its streets of gold,
Its gates of pearl I too behold,—

The river of life, the crystal sea,
The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.

4 That beautiful land I mean to see,
And join in its glorious harmony;
On the mount of God thro' grace I'll stand
And share in the bliss of that beautiful
land.

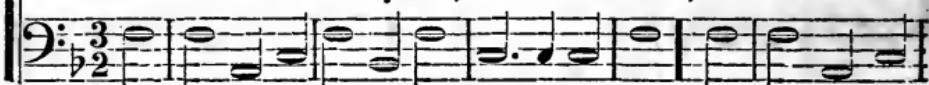
J. HALL.



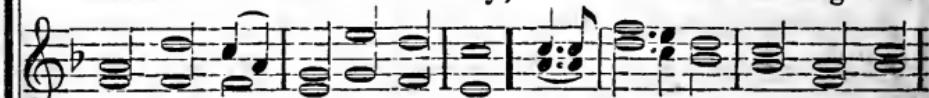
1. I would not live alway : I ask not to stay Where storm after



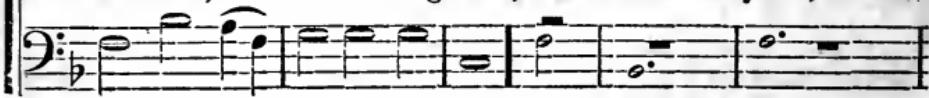
2. I would not live alway : no, welcome the tomb ; Since Je-sus hath



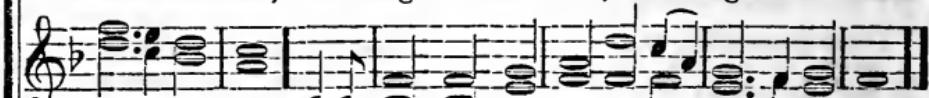
storm ri - ses dark o'er the way; The few lurid mornings that



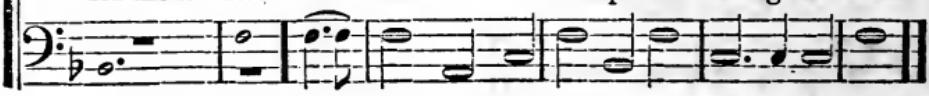
lain there, I dread not its gloom ; There sweet be my rest, till He



dawn on us here, Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.



bid me a - rise To hail him in triumph descending the skies.



80

3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,

Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,

Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,

And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ?—

4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,

Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet ;

While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,

And the smile of the Lord is the life of the soul.

1. I love to steal awhile away From every cumb'ring care,

And spend the hours of setting day In humble, grateful prayer.

81

2 I love in solitude to shed

The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,

And future good implore,—
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view

Of brighter scenes in heaven ;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,

May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

82 *Excellency and sufficiency.*

1 Father of mercies, in thy word

What endless glory shines ;
Forever be thy Name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want

Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,

And yields a free repast ;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice

Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be

Our ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light.

6 Divine Instructer, gracious Lord,

Be thou forever near ;
Teach us to love thy sacred word,
And view the Saviour there.

1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stranger, I can tarry,

FINE.

I can tarry but a night. Do not de - tain me, for I am

D. C.

go - ing, To where the streamlets are ev - er flowing;

83

2.

There the sunbeams are ever shining,
I'm longing for the sight ;
Within a country unknown and dreary,
I have been wandering forlorn and weary.
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

3.

Of that country to which I'm going,
My Redeemer is the light ;
There is no sorrow, or any sighing,
Or any sin, or any dying
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

D. N. SMITH. By permission.

1. I see, I see, O rapturous sight, I see a glorious land of light;

A heavenly city, bright and fair, And all the ransomed ones are there.

84

2 Bright "jasper walls" around it stand,
Rear'd by the gentle Father's hand;
And "golden portals" open wide,
To welcome Jesus' ready bride.

3 Fair skies o'erhang that happy clime,
And noontide glory e'er doth shine
Resplendent from th' Eternal's throne,
To light the Christian's final home.

4 Fair white-robed throngs roam o'er those
plains,
And in ecstatic, joyful strains,
They chant their richest, sweetest lays,
To swell the great Redeemer's praise.

5 And now before the burning throne,
On wings of light they joyful come;
While heaven's banner o'er them waves,
And on it written, "Jesus saves."

6 And now—ah! never can I tell,
How rich the anthems that they swell:
Or how the heavenly arches ring,
With music cherub voices ring.

7 Ah! now amid the shining ones,
Who raise those rich, immortal tones—
I see for whom a Saviour's blood
Opened the way to Heaven and God.

8 And as the sweet, seraphic lyre,
And angel voices rise still higher,
Far richer, higher notes they raise,
Whom our blest Jesus died to save.

9 For, though they see the Father's face,
And sing the riches of his grace,
Yet, ne'er did angel spirits know
The joys of souls redeemed from woe.

S. F. CHASE.

I. B. WOOLSBURY. By permission.

1. By cool Siloam's shady rill How sweet the li - ly grows!

How sweet the breath, beneath the hill, Of Sharon's dewy rose!

85 *The Christian Child.*

2 Lo ! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod ;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

86 *Death gain to the faithful.*

1 Why should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of wo,
For an immortal crown ?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given ?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest ;
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow ;
God has recalled his own ;
But let our hearts, in every wo,
Still say,—Thy will be done.

1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' press'd by every foe,
 That will not tremble on the brink Of any earthly wo:—

87 *For victorious faith.*

2 That will not murmur or complain
 Beneath the chast'ning rod,
 But, in the hour of grief or pain,
 Will lean upon its God ;—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
 When tempests rage without ;
 That when in danger knows no fear,
 In darkness feels no doubt ;—

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread
 Nor heeds its scornful smile ; [frown,
 That seas of trouble cannot drown,
 Or Satan's arts beguile ;—

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
 Till life's last hour is fled,
 And with a pure and heavenly ray
 Illumes a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
 And then, whate'er may come,
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss
 Of an eternal home.

88 *The only solace in sorrow.*

1 O Thou who driest the mourner's tear,
 How dark this world would be,
 If, when deceived and wounded here,
 We could not fly to thee.

2 The friends who in our sunshine live,
 When winter comes, are flown ;
 And he who has but tears to give,
 Must weep those tears alone.

3 But Christ can heal that broken heart,
 Which, like the plants that throw
 Their fragrance from the wounded part,
 Breathes sweetness out of wo.

4 O, who could bear life's stormy doom,
 Did not His wing of love
 Come brightly wafting thro' the gloom,
 Our peace-branch from above.

5 Then sorrow, touch'd by Him, grows
 With more than rapture's ray ; [bright
 As darkness shows us worlds of light,
 We never saw by day.

Words and Music by CHARLES DUNBAR. By permission

1. We are out on the ocean sailing, Homeward bound we sweetly glide;

2. Millions now are safely landed Over on the golden shore;

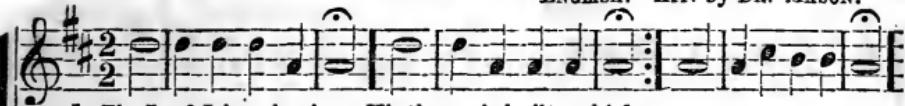
We are out on the ocean sailing To a home beyond the tide.

Millions more are on their journey, Yet there's room for millions more.

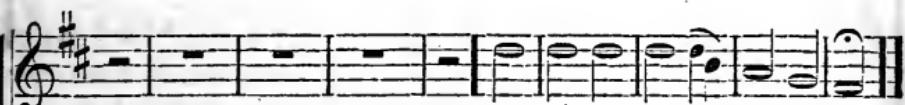
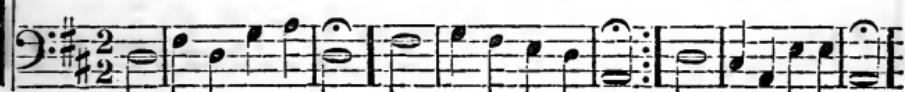
CHORUS.

All the storms will soon be over, Then we'll anchor in the harbor;

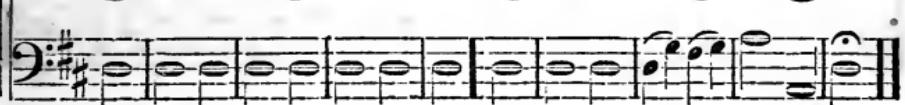
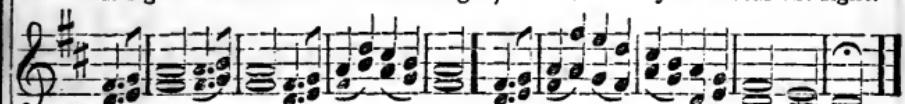
We are out on the ocean sailing, To a home beyond the tide.



1. The Lord Jehovah reigns, His throne is built on high ;
The garments he assumes Are light and majesty :



His glories shine with beams so bright, No mortal eye can bear the sight.



90

Greatness and condescension.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe ;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law ;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.
3 Through all his mighty works
Amazing wisdom shines :
Confounds the powers of hell,

And all their dark designs ;
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees and sovereign will.
4 And will this sovereign King
Of glory condescend ;—
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend ?
I love his Name, I love his word ;
Join all my powers to praise the Lord.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

3 Come on board, and "ship" for glory,
Be in haste—make up your mind !
For our vessel's weighing anchor ;
You will soon be left behind.
4 You have kindred over yonder,
On that bright and happy shore ;
By and by we'll swell the number,
When the toils of life are o'er.

5 Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes
Gently waft our vessel on ;
All on board are sweetly singing—
Free salvation is the song.
6 When we all are safely anchored
Over on the shining shore,
We will walk about the city,
And will sing forevermore.

1. Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move, Bound for the land of bright
 Angelic choristers sing as I come, Joyful - ly, joyful - ly

spirits a - bove ; } Soon with my pilgrimage ended below, }
 haste to thy home. } Home to that land of delight will I go, }

Pilgrim and stranger, no more shall I roam, Joyful - ly,

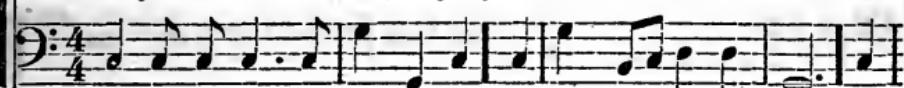
2. Friends fondly cherished have passed on
 before ;
 Waiting, they watch me approaching that
 shore ;
 Singing, to cheer me through death's chill-
 ing gloom,
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home :
 Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear ;
 Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear !
 Rings with the harmony heaven's high
 dome,
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.



1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne ; Ten



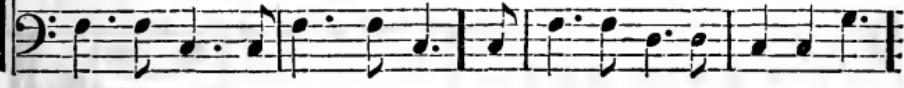
2. Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry, To be ex - alted thus : Wor-



thousand thousand are their tongues, Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,



thy the Lamb, our hearts reply, Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,



But all their joys are one.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

For he was slain for us.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

3 Death, with thy weapons of war, lay me low ;
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow ;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb ;
Joyfully, joyfully, will I go home ;
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn ;
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone ;
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom ;
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

1. O, for a glance of heavenly day, To take this stubborn heart a - way ;

And thaw, with beams of love divine, This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

93 *The stubborn heart.*

2 The rocks can rend ; the earth can
quake ;
The seas can roar ; the mountains shake ;
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt ;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments, too, which devils fear—
Amazing thought ! unmoved I hear ;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But power divine can do the deed ;
And, Lord, that power I greatly need :
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

94 *The only plea.*

1 Jesus, the sinner's friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee ;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin ;
Open thine arms, and take me in.

2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul ;
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole ;
Dark, till in me thine image shine,
And lost, I am, till thou art mine.

3 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee :
Here, then, to thee I all resign ;
Thine is the work, and only thine.

4 What shall I say thy grace to move ?
Lord, I am sin,—but thou art love :
I give up every plea beside,—
Lord, I am lost—but thou hast died.

DR. E. R. BLANCHARD.

1. Saviour, like a shepherd lead us; Much we need thy tender care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us; For our use thy folds prepare:

In thy pleasant pastures feed us; For our use thy folds prepare:

1st Division. 2d Division.* 1st Division. 2d Division.*
Blesséd Jesus! Blessed Jesus! Blessed Jesus! Blessed Jesus!

ALL.
Thou hast bought us, thine we are, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

95

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to save.
Blessed Jesus!
Let us early turn to thee.

3 Early let us seek thy favor;
Early let us learn thy will;
Do thou, Lord, our only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus!
Thou hast loved us,—love us still!

* The notes for 2d Division may, if thought best, be PLAYED an octave higher, instead of being sung.

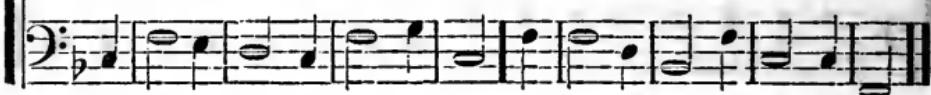
Copies of this song, printed on sheets for the use of Sabbath Schools, may be had of DR. BLANCHARD, at his Office, No. 616 Washington st., Boston.



1. Come, sinners, to the gos - pel feast, Let every soul be Jesus' guest;



Ye need not one be left behind, For God hath bidden all mankind.



96

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
Come, all the world ! come, sinner, thou !
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest ;
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive ;
Ye all may come to Christ, and live ;
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain !

5 This is the time,—no more delay !
This is the Spirit's gracious day ;
Come in this moment at his call,
And live for him who died for all.

97 *All-sufficiency of His grace.*

1 Ho ! every one that thirsts, draw nigh :
'Tis God invites the fallen race :
Mercy and free salvation buy,—
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come !
Sinners, obey your Maker's call ;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find his grace is free for all.

3 See from the Rock a fountain rise ;
For you in healing streams it rolls ;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye laboring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give ;
Leave all you have, and are, behind ;
Frankly the gift of God receive ;
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

1. A - wake, my soul ! stretch ev' - ry nerve, And press with

vig - or on ; A heavenly race demands thy zeal,

And an im - mortal crown, And an im - mortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;

'Tis he whose hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey ;

Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Blest Saviour ! introduced by thee,
Our race have we begun :
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
We'll lay our trophies down.

1. O for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame;

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb.

Where is the blessed - ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord ?

Where is the soul-re - fresh - ing view Of, Je - sus and his word ?

1. Mary to the Saviour's tomb, Hasted at the ear-ly dawn; }
 Spice she bro't, and rich perfume, But the Lord she loved had gone. }
 D.C. Trembling while a crystal flood, Issued from her weeping eyes.

D. C.

For awhile she lingering stood, Filled with sorrow and surprise,

100

2 But her sorrows quickly fled,
 When she heard his welcome voice ;
 Christ had risen from the dead—
 Now he bids her heart rejoice.
 What a change his word can make,
 Turning darkness into day ;
 Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
 He will wipe your tears away.

3 He who came to comfort her,
 When she thought her all was lost,
 Will for your relief appear,
 Though you now are tempest-tossed.
 On his arm your burden cast ;
 On his love your thoughts employ ;
 Weeping for a while may last,
 But the morning brings the joy.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

2 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
 How sweet their memory still !
 But they have left an aching void,
 The world can never fill.
 Return, O holy Dove, return !
 Sweet messenger of rest !
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.

3 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.
 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame ;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

By permission, from "Wesleyan Sacred Harp."

1. Sinner go, will you go To the highlands of heaven?

And the leaves of the bowers In the breezes are flitting.

Where the storms never blow, And the long summer's given;

D. C.

Where the bright blooming flowers Are their o - dors e - mitting,

101

2 Where the saints robed in white,
 Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,
 Shining beauteous and bright,
 Shall inhabit the mountain.
 Where no sin nor dismay,
 Neither trouble nor sorrow,
 Shall be felt for a day,
 Nor be feared for the morrow.

3 He's prepared thee a home;
 Sinner, canst thou believe it?
 And invites thee to come;
 Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
 O come, sinner, come,
 For the tide is receding,
 And the Saviour will soon
 And forever cease pleading.

1. Once more, my soul, the rising day Salutes thy waking eyes;
 Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay To Him that rules the skies.

102 *Morning: Self-consecration.*

1 Once more, my soul, the rising day
 Salutes thy waking eyes ;
 Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
 To Him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
 The day renewes the sound ;
 Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
 To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame ;
 My tongue shall speak his praise ;
 My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,
 But yet his wrath delays.

4 O God, let all my hours be thine,
 Whilst I enjoy the light ;
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
 And bring a peaceful night.

103 *Instructing the young.*

1 Delightful work ! young souls to win,
 And turn the rising race
 From the deceitful paths of sin,
 To seek redeeming grace.

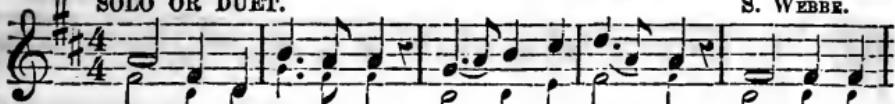
2 Children our kind protection claim ;
 And God will well approve
 When infants learn to asp his name,
 And their Redeemer love.

3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way
 To guide untutored youth,
 And show the mind which went astray
 The Way, the Life, the Truth.

4 Almighty God, thine influence shed,
 To aid this blest design :
 The honors of thy name be spread,
 And all the glory thine.

I. B. WOODBURY. By permission

1. "Forever with the Lord;" Amen, so let it be; Life from the dead is
in that word; 'Tis immortal - i - ty; Here in the body pent, Ab-
sent from Him I roam; Yet nightly pitch my moving tent A day's march
nearer home, nearer home, nearer home, A day's march nearer home.



1. Come, ye dis - consolate, where'er ye languish: Come, at the

1st time as Duet, 2d time Chorus.

mercy-seat, Fervent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts,

here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

105

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,

Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,—

Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,—

Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing

Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;

Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing—

Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah, then my spirit faints,
To reach the land I love;
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

3 Yet doubts still intervene,
And all my comfort flies;
Like Noah's dove I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies;
Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears ; The sons of earth are

waking To pen-i - tential tears ; Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings

tidings from a - far, Of nations in commotion, Prepared for Sion's war.

106

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
 In many a gentle shower,
 And brighter scenes before us
 Are opening every hour :
 Each cry to heaven going,
 Abundant answer brings,
 And heavenly gales are blowing,
 With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
 Before the God we love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above ;

While sinners, now confessing,
 The gospel's call obey,
 And seek the Saviour's blessing—
 A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thy onward way :
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay :
 Stay not till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home,
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim the Lord is come.

1. While na - ture was sinking in stillness to rest,
In deep med - i - ta - tion I wandered my feet.

The last beam of daylight shone dim in the west, }
O'er fields, by pale moonlight, in lone - ly re - treat, }

D.C.

107

2 While passing a garden I paused to hear
A voice faint and plaintive, from one that was there ;
The voice of the sufferer affected my heart,
While pleading in anguish the poor sinner's part.

3 I listened a moment, then turned me to see
What man of compassion this stranger might be !
I saw him, low kneeling, upon the cold ground,
The loveliest BEING that ever was found.

4 So deep were his sorrows, so fervent his prayers,
That down o'er his bosom rolled sweat, blood, and tears !
I wept to behold him !—I asked him his name,
He answered, “ Tis JESUS ! from heaven I came !

5 I am thy Redeemer ! for thee I must die ;
The cup is most bitter, but cannot pass by !
Thy sins, like a mountain, are laid upon me ;
And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee.”

108 “Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about.” Tune, WEBB, p. 84

1 Stand up !—stand up for Jesus !

Ye soldiers of the cross ;

Lift high his royal banner,

It must not suffer loss :

From victory unto victory

His army shall be led,

Till every foe is vanquished,

And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !

The trumpet call obey ;

Forth to the mighty conflict,

In this his glorious day :

“ Ye that are men, now serve him,”

Against unnumbered foes ;

Your courage rise with danger,

And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up !—stand up for Jesus !

The strife will not be long ;

This day the noise of battle,

The next the victor's song :

To him that overcometh,

A crown of life shall be ;

He with the King of Glory

Shall reign eternally.

Words by Mrs. G. A. HULSE M'LEOD.—Sung at the grave of Bishop WAUGH.

1. Home at last! home at last! From an earthly shore ; For O, I've rejoined the ransomed
 ones, Who passed on long before. Here each tear is wiped away By God, the

D. C. last verse only.
 Holy One ; There's naught but songs of joy and praise Round the Eternal's throne.

109

2 The pure in heart ! the pure in heart !
 Robed in spotless white,
 Are here with starry crowns of joy,
 All gloriously bright.
 Some I loved so long ago,
 Who left me sad and lone,
 I meet among the heavenly host,
 Within our Father's home.
 3 Safe at home ! safe at home !
 O, let the echo go,

To soothe the hearts that mourn me yet,
 In that first home below.
 His dear arms are round me now,
 Who was for sinners slain ;
 Through him I've won eternal life ;
 For me to die was gain.
 Safe at home ! safe at home !
 From an earthly shore ;
 I'll bless and praise thee, O my God,
 Forever, evermore.

1. Behold the Saviour of mankind Nailed to the shameful tree;

Cho. The Lamb, the Lamb, the loving Lamb, The Lamb on Calva - ry !

How vast the love that him inclined To bleed and die for thee !

The Lamb was slain, but lives again, To in - ter - cede for me.

110 *He died for thee.*

2 Hark, how he groans, while nature
shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend :
The temple's vail in sunder breaks,—
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid !
Receive my soul ! he cries ;
See where he bows his sacred head ;
He bows his head and dies.

4 But soon he'll break death's envious
And in full glory shine ; [chain,
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine ?

111 *Godly sorrow at the cross.*

1 Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed ?
And did my Sov'reign die ?

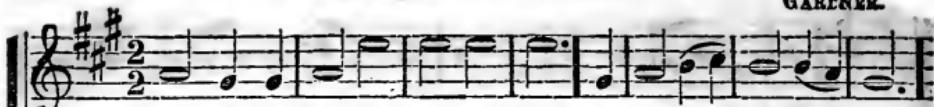
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree ?
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !

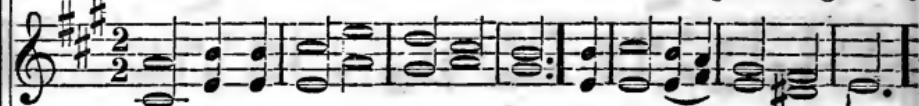
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears ;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe :
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.



1. Sweet was the time when first I felt The Savior's pardoning blood,



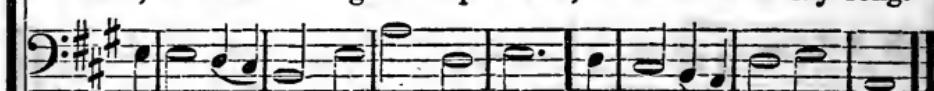
1. Soon as the morn the light revealed, His praises tuned my tongue;



Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.



And, when the evening shades prevailed, His love was all my song.



112 *Mourning departed joys.*

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail;
O make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail;—
Let me that mercy share.

113 *The promised blessing.*

1 See, Jesus, thy disciples see;
The promised blessing give;
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are joined;
We wait, according to thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.

3 With us thou art assembled here,
But O, thyself reveal;
Son of the living God, appear!
Let us thy presence feel

4 Breathe on us, Lor^l, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live;
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
The Holy Ghost receive.

5 Whom now we seek, O may we meet,
Jesus, the crucified;
Show us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou who for us hast died.

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free ;
 A heart that always feels thy blood, So free - ly spilt for me .

114 *A perfect heart.*

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne ;
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,—
 Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean ;
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From Him that dwells within :—

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
 And full of love divine ;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
 Come quickly from above ;
 Write thy new name upon my heart,—
 Thy new, best name of Love.

115 *Entire purification.*

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
 Close to thy bleeding side ;
 This all my hope, and all my plea,—
 For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
 And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own ;
 Wash me, and mine thou art ;
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
 My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The' atonement of thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve ;
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'lers
 given; There is a joy for souls distressed, A balm for
 ev' - ry wounded breast; 'Tis found a - lone in heaven.

116 *The land of rest.*

2 There is a home for weary souls
 By sin and sorrow driven,

When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
 To brighter prospects given;

And views the tempest passing by,
 The evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given;
 There rays divine disperse the gloom;
 Beyond the confines of the tomb
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

1. O joyful sound of gospel grace, Christ shall in me appear !

FINE.

I, e - ven I, shall see his face,— I shall be ho - ly here.

D. S. Conqueror thro' him, I soon shall seize, And wear it as my due.

D. S.

The glorious crown of righteousness To me reached out I view ;

117

A hope full of immortality.

The promised land, from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see :
My hope is full, (O, glorious hope !)
Of immortality.
With me, I know, I feel, thou art ;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

3 My earth thou waterest from on high,
But make it all a pool :
Spring up, O Well, I ever cry ;
Spring up within my soul.
Come, O my God, thyself reveal ;
Fill all this mighty void :
Thou only canst my spirit fill ;
Come, O my God, my God.

Arranged by W. R. BOWEN.

1. We're going home, we've had visions bright, Of that ho - ly land, that
Where the long, dark night of time is past, And the morn of e - terni - ty

world of light, Where the weary saint no more shall roam, But dwell in a
dawns at last, Where the brow with sparkling gems is crowned, And waves of

happy and peaceful home ; }
bliss are flowing around. } O, that beautiful world ! O, that beautiful world !

118

2 We're going home, we soon shall be
Where the sky is clear, and all are free ;
Where the victor's song floats o'er the plain,
And the seraphs anthems blend with its strain ;
Where the sun rolls down its brilliant flood,
And beams on a world that is fair and good ;
Where stars, once dimmed at nature's doom,
Will ever shine o'er the new earth bloom.

1. From whence does this union a - rise, That hatred is conquered by love ?
 That fastens our souls in such ties As na - ture and time can't remove.

119

Christian union.

2 It cannot in Eden be found,
 Nor yet in a paradise lost ;
 It grows on Immanuel's ground,
 And Jesus' rich blood it did cost.
 3 My friends are so dear unto me,
 Our hearts are united in love ;
 Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
 In yonder blest mansions above.

4 O, when shall we see that bright day,
 And join with the angels above,
 Set free from these prisons of clay,
 United with Jesus in love !
 5 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
 And all his bright glories shall see,
 And sing hallelujah ! amen !
 Amen ! even so let it be.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

3 Where the tears and sighs which here were given,
 Are exchanged for the gladsome song of heaven ;
 Where the beauteous forms which sing and shine,
 Are guarded well by a hand divine ;
 Where the banner of love and friendship's wand,
 Are waving above that princely band ;
 And the glory of God, like a boundless sea,
 Will cheer that immortal company.
 4 'Mid the ransomed throng, 'mid the sea of bliss,
 'Mid the holy city's gorgeousness,
 'Mid the verdant plains, 'mid angel's cheer,
 'Mid the saints that round the throne appear ;
 Where the conqueror's song, as it sounds afar,
 Is wafted on the ambrosial air ;
 Through endless years we then shall prove
 The depth of a Saviour's matchless love.

1. Al - mighty Mak - er, God, How glorious is thy name ; Thy
 wonders how dif - fused a - broad, Throughout creation's frame.

120 *His name is glorious.*

2 The lark mounts up the sky,
 With unambitious song ;
 And bears her Maker's praise on high,
 Upon her artless tongue.

3 Fain would I rise and sing
 To my Creator too ;
 Fain would my heart adore my King,
 And give him praises due.

4 Let joy and worship spend
 The remnant of my days :
 And to my God my soul ascend,
 In sweet perfumes of praise.

121 *Blessings sought in prayer.*

1 Behold the throne of grace !
 The promise calls me near ;
 There Jesus shows a smiling face,
 And waits to answer prayer.

2 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
 Thy presence and thy love ;
 I ask to serve thee here below,
 And reign with thee above.

3 Teach me to live by faith ;
 Conform my will to thine ;
 Let me victorious be in death,
 And then in glory shine.

4 If thou these blessings give,
 And wilt my portion be,
 All worldly joys I'll cheerful leave,
 And find my heaven in thee.

122 *The Redeemer's tears.*

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
 And shall our cheeks be dry ?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
 The wond'ring angels see ;
 Be thou astonished, O my soul ;
 He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep ;
 Each sin demands a tear :
 In heaven alone no sin is found,
 And there's no weeping there.

1. How tedious and tasteless the hours, When Jesus no longer I see;

FINE.

Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers, Have lost all their sweetness to me.

D. S. But when I am happy in him, December's as pleasant as May.

D. S.

The mid-summer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay,

123

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice ;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice :
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear ;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned ;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind ;

While blessed with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear ;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song ;
Say, why do I languish and pine ?
And why are my winters so long ?
O, drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

1. O thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom, in affliction, I call ;

My comfort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my salvation, my all.

124

Christ our All.

2 Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,
To feed in the pasture of love ?
For why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove ?

3 O, why should I wander, an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread ?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
The star that on Israel shone ?
Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone ?

5 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death ;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.

6 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
To water the gardens of grace ;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

7 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word ;
He speaks, and eternity, filled with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

1. Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam, Here is no rest, Here

is no rest; Here as a pilgrim I wander alone, Yet I am

D. S. My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say, There, there is

FINE.

D. S.

blest, I am blest; For I look forward to that glorious day,
When sin and sorrow will vanish a-way;

rest, there is rest.

125

2 Here fierce temptations beset me around,

Here is no rest, here is no rest.

Here I am grieved while my foes me surround;

Yet I am blest, I am blest.

Let them revile me, and scoff at my name,
Laugh at my weeping, endeavor to shame,

I will go forward, for this is my theme,

There, there is rest—there is rest.

3 Here are afflictions and trials severe;

Here is no rest, here is no rest;

Here I must part with the friends I hold

Yet I am blest, I am blest. [dear,

Sweet is the promise I read in his word;

Blessed are they who have died in the Lord;

They have been called to receive their reward;

There, there is rest—there is rest.

"Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."—Isaiah 45, 22.

1. By faith I view my Saviour dy-ing, On the tree, On the tree;

To eve-ry na-tion he is crying, Look to me! Look to me!

He bids the guilty now draw near, Repent, believe, dismiss thy fear;

Hark! hark! what precious words I hear! Mercy's free! Mercy's free!

1. From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise arise ;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung, Through every land, by every tongue.

127

The creation invited to praise God.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
 Eternal truth attends thy word :
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.
 3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring ;
 In songs of praise divinely sing ;

The great salvation loud proclaim,
 And shout for joy the Saviour's name.
 4 In every land begin the song ;
 To every land the strains belong :
 In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
 And fill the world with loudest praise.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
 Pity me ?
 And did he snatch my soul from ruin ?
 Can it be ?
 O yes, he did salvation bring ;
 He is my Prophet, Priest, and King ;
 And now my happy soul shall sing,—
 Mercy's free !

3 Jesus my weary soul refreshes ;
 Mercy's free !
 And every moment Christ is precious
 Unto me :

None can describe the bliss I prove,
 While through this wilderness I rove ;
 All may enjoy the Saviour's love,
 Mercy's free !
 4 Long as I live, I'll still be crying,
 " Mercy's free ! "
 And this shall be my theme when dying,
 " Mercy's free ! "
 And when the vale of death I've passed,
 When lodged above the stormy blast,
 I'll sing, while endless ages last,
 " Mercy's free ! "

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter portion trace ;
 Rise from transi - to - ry things Toward heaven, thy native place ;

Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay ; Time shall soon this earth remove ;

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats prepared a - bove.

128

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course ;
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun ;
 Both speed them to their source :
 So a soul that's born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face ;
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

The better portion.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn ;
 Press onward to the prize ;
 Soon our Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the skies :
 There we'll join the heavenly train,
 Welcomed to partake the bliss ;
 Fly from sorrow, care, and pain,
 To realms of endless peace.

From the "Musical Pioneer," by permission.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Beautiful Zion, built a-bove, Beautiful ci-ty that I love,
 Beautiful gates of pearly white, Beautiful temple—God its light;
 He who was slain on Calva-ry, Opens those pearly gates to me.

Rit.

129

2 Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
 Beautiful angels clothed in white,
 Beautiful strains that never tire,
 Beautiful harps through all the choir;
 There shall I join the chorus sweet,
 Worshiping at the Saviour's feet.

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
 Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
 Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,

Beautiful all who enter there;
 Thither I press with eager feet,
 There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4 Beautiful throne of Christ our King,
 Beautiful songs the angels sing;
 Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
 Beautiful home of perfect peace;
 There shall my eyes the Saviour see;
 Haste to this heavenly home with me.

FOR FOUR VOICES.

1. What vessel are you sailing in? Pray tell to me its name;
 Our vessel is the Ark of God, And Christ our captain's name;

FULL CHORUS.

Then hoist every sail to catch the gale, Who long have plied the oar;

The night be - gins to wear a - way, We

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moment come,
And dwell with Christ at home,
When I shall lay my armor by, And dwell with Christ at home.
When I shall lay my armor by, And dwell with Christ at home.

131

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know ;
No peaceful sheltering dome :
This world's a wilderness of wo ;
This world is not my home.
3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
He bade me cease to roam ;
And fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.

4 When, by afflictions sharply tried,
I viewed the gaping tomb ;
Although I dread death's chilling flood,
Yet still I sighed for home.
5 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave the unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

2 And what's the PORT you're sailing to ?
Pray tell us all straightway ;
The NEW JERUSALEM's the Port,
The realms of endless day ;
3 Our compass is the SACRED WORD,
Our anchor BLOOMING HOPE,
The love of God the mair.-topsail,
And FAITH our cable rope.
4 Heave out your boat ! I, too, will go,
If you can find me room ;
There's room for you, for all the world—
Make no delay to come.
5 And are you not afraid some storm
Your bark will overwhelm ?

We do not fear, for Christ is here,
And always at the helm.
6 We've looked astern thro' many a storm ;
The Lord has brought us through ;
We're looking now ahead,—and lo !
The land appears in view.
7 The sun is up, the clouds are gone,
The heavens above are clear ;
A CITY bright appears in sight,
We'll soon be round the pier.
8 And when we all are landed safe
On that Celestial Plain,
Our song shall be " Worthy the Lamb
For rebel sinners slain ! "

From a Scotch tune, by L. MASON. - By permission.

1. O that my load of sin were gone; O that I could at last sub-mit
 At Jesus' feet to lay it down—To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

132

2 Rest for my soul I long to find :
 Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
 Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
 And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
 And fully set my spirit free ;
 I cannot rest till pure within,—
 Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God ;
 Thy light and easy burden prove ;
 The cross all stained with hallowed blood,
 The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power ;
 My heart from every sin release ;
 Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
 And fill me with thy perfect peace.

133 *The divine Teacher.*

1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
 From lips of gentleness and grace,
 While list'ning thousands gathered round,
 And joy and reverence filled the place.

From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
 To heaven he led his followers' way ;
 Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
 Unveiling an immortal day.

3 Come, wanderers, to my Father's home ;
 Come, all ye weary ones, and rest.
 Yes, sacred Teacher ! we will come,
 Obey, and be forever blest.

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust !
 Pillars of earthly pride, decay !
 A nobler mansion waits the just,
 And Jesus has prepared the way.

FINE.

Happy day, happy day, when Jesus washed my sins a - way;

End with 2d Strain.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joicing every day,

134

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
 To Him who merits all my love ;
 Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done ;
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine ;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart ;
 Fixed on this blissful centre, rest ;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart ;
 With him of every good possessed.

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renewed shall daily hear,
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

1. Happy the man who finds the grace, The blessing of God's chosen race,
 The wisdom coming from above, The faith that sweetly works by love.

135 *The unspeakable gift.*

2 Happy, beyond description, he
 Who knows the Saviour died for me?
 The gift unspeakable obtains,
 And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
 Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
 Wisdom to silver we prefer,
 And gold is dross compared to her.

4 Her hands are filled with length of days,
 True riches, and immortal praise,—
 Riches of Christ on all bestowed,
 And honor that descends from God.

5 To purest joys she all invites,—
 Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her flowery paths are peace.

6 Happy the man who wisdom gains;
 Thrice happy, who his guest retains:
 He owns, and shall forever own,
 Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven are one.

136 *Love that passeth knowledge.*

1 Of Him who did salvation bring,
 I could forever think and sing;
 Arise, ye needy,—he'll relieve;
 Arise, ye guilty,—he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;
 Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven;
 Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
 Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood;
 He closed his eyes to show us God:
 Let all the world fall down and know,
 That none but God such love can show.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
 I shed my tears and make my moan;
 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
 I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
 I drink, and yet am ever dry;
 Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
 Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

1. This is the day the Lord hath made ; O earth, rejoice and sing ;

Let songs of triumph hail the morn ; Hosan - na to our King,

Ho - sanna to our King !

2 The Stone the builders set at naught,
That Stone has now become
The sure foundation, and the strength
Of Zion's heavenly dome.

3 Christ is that stone, rejected once,
And numbered with the slain ;
Now raised in glory, o'er his Church
Eternally to reign.

4 This is the day the Lord hath made ;
O earth, rejoice and sing :
With songs of triumph hail the morn ;
Hosanna to our King !

138

The Resolution.

1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve ;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve :—

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close ;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess ;

I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer ;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 I can but perish if I go ;
I am resolved to try ;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

1. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove, With all thy quick'ning powers ;

• Come

Come shed abroad a Savior's love, And

Come shed abroad a Savior's love, Come shed abroad a

shed abroad a Sa - vior's love, And that shall kindle

that shall kindle ours, Come shed abroad a

Savior's love. And that shall kindle ours. Come shed abroad a

ours. And that shall kindle ours. Come shed abroad a

139

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly joys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,—
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate;
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers ;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Saviour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

140

Triumphant joy.

1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights :

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun ;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,

If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word ;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe ;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqueror through.

SICILY. 8s & 7s.

1. Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;

Let us each thy love possessing, Triumph in redeeming grace ;
O refresh us, O refresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wilderness.

141

For the fulness of peace and joy.

8 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation,

In our hearts and lives abound ;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

Arranged from GLASER, by L. MASON. By permission

1. Blest be the dear u - niting love, That will not let us part:

Our bodies may far off remove, We still are one in heart.

142 *United, though separated.*

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints, we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,—
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his beloved embrace;
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

143 *Behold the Lamb.*

1 Look unto Christ, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saven through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

2 See all your sins on Jesus laid:
The Lamb of God was slain;
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.

3 Awake from guilty nature's sleep,
And Christ shall give you light;
Cast all your sins into the deep,
And wash the Ethiop white.

4 With me, your chief, ye then shall know,
Shall feel your sins forgiven;
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

FINE.

D. S.

144 *The pilgrim's happy lot.*

2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature love ;
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 There is my house and portion fair ;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home ;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come

4 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies ;
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest !
Soon will the pilgrim's journey end ;
Then, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast !

145 *Bliss-inspiring hope.*

1 Come on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel :
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode ;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down :
To patient faith the prize is sure ;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

DR. LOWELL MASON. By permission.

1. Lord, how secure and blest are they, Who feel the joys of pardoned sin !

Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea, Their minds have heaven and peace within.

146 *The bliss of assurance.*

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love ;
And soft, and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away ;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow ;
And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturbed upon their brow.

5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

147 *Design of Prayer.*

1 Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give :
Long as they live should Christians pray ;
They learn to pray when first they live.

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress ;
If cares distract, or fears dismay ;
If guilt deject ; if sin distress,
In every case, still watch and pray.

'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak :
Tho' thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak ;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4 Depend on him ; thou canst not fail ;
Make all thy wants and wishes known ;
Fear not ; his merits must prevail ;
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

1. And can I yet de - lay My lit - tle all to give ?
 To tear my soul from earth a - way For Jesus to receive ?

148

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield ;
 I can hold out no more :
 I sink, by dying love compelled,
 And own thee conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake ;
 My friends, my all, resign :
 Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
 And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
 Nor hence again remove ;
 Settle and fix my wavering soul
 With all thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,—
 Thy only love to know ;
 To seek and taste no other bliss,
 No other good below.

6 My life, my portion thou,
 Thou all-sufficient art :

My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
 Enter, and keep my heart.

149 *Accepting the invitation.*

1 Come, weary sinners, come,
 Groaning beneath your load ;
 The Saviour calls his wanderers home,
 Haste to your pardoning God

2 Come, all by guilt oppressed,
 Answer the Saviour's call—
 O come, and I will give you rest,
 And I will save you all.

3 Redeemer, full of love,
 We would thy word obey,
 And all thy faithful mercies prove :
 O take our guilt away.

4 We would on thee rely ;
 On thee would cast our care ;
 Now to thine arms of mercy fly,
 And find salvation there.

Arranged from REV. C. MALAN, by L. MASON. By permission

1. Return, O wanderer, return, And seek an injured Father's face ;
 Those warm desires that in thee burn Were kindled by reclaim-ing grace.

150 *The wanderer recalled.*

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
 And seek a Father's melting heart,
 Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern,
 Whose hand can heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return ;
 He heard thy deep, repentant sigh :
 He saw thy softened spirit mourn,
 When no intruding tear was nigh

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
 Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live ;
 Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
 How freely Jesus can forgive.

5 Return, O wanderer, return,
 And wipe away thy falling tear ;
 'Tis God who says—" no longer mourn,"
 'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

6 Return, O wanderer, return,
 Regain thy lost lamented rest ;
 Jehovah's melting bowels yearn,
 To clasp the wanderer to his breast.

151 *Meekness and patience.*

1 Thou Lamb of God, thou Prince of peace,
 For thee my thirsty soul doth pine ;
 My longing heart implores thy grace ;
 O make me in thy likeness shine.

2 With fraudless, even, humble mind,
 Thy will in all things 'may I see ;
 In love be every wish resigned,
 And hallowed my whole heart to thee.

3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
 With lamb-like patience arm my breast ;
 When grief my wounded soul assails,
 In lowly meekness may I rest.

4 Close by thy side still may I keep,
 Howe'er life's various current flow ;
 With steadfast eye mark every step,
 And follow where my Lord doth go.

5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won ;
 Alone thou hast the wine-press trod ;
 In me thy strengthening grace be shown ;
 O may I conquer through thy blood.

1. Lovers of pleasure more than God, For you he suffered pain ; For
 you the Saviour spilt his blood, For you the Saviour spilt his blood :

And shall he bleed in vain ?

153

Perfect freedom.

1 If thou impart thyself to me,
 No other good I need :
 If thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
 I shall be free indeed.

2 I cannot rest till in thy blood
 I full redemption have ;
 But thou, through whom I come to God,
 Canst to the utmost save.

152

2 Sinners, his life for you he paid ;
 Your basest crimes he bore ;
 Your sins were all on Jesus laid,
 That you might sin no more.

3 To earth the great Redeemer came,
 That you may come to heaven ;
 Believe, believe in Jesus' name,
 And all your sin's forgiven.

3 From sin,—the guilt, the power, the
 Thou wilt redeem my soul : [pain,
 Lord, I believe—and not in vain ;
 My faith shall make me whole.

4 I, too, with thee, shall walk in white ;
 With all thy saints shall prove
 The length and depth, and breadth and
 Of everlasting love. [height,

DR. LOWELL MASON. By permission.

3/2 time signature, treble clef, key signature of one sharp. The music consists of three staves of musical notes.

1. My former hopes are fled; My terror now be - gins:

3/2 time signature, treble clef, key signature of one sharp. The music consists of three staves of musical notes.

I feel, a - las! that I am dead In trespass - es and sins.

154 *The Day-star from on high.*

2 Ah, whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar:
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.

3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom:
But, hark! a friendly whisper says,—
Flee from the wrath to come.

4 With trembling hope, I see
A glimm'ring from afar;
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.

5 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

155 *Sow beside all waters.*

1 Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,—
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,—
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown:

3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

4 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

1. Great God, attend, while Zion sings The joy that from thy presence

springs ; To spend one day with thee on

springs ; To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a

springs ; To spend one day with thee on earth Exceeds a thousand days of

earth, Ex - ceeds a thou - and days of mirth.

thousand days of mirth, Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

mirth, Ex - ceeds a thou - and days of mirth.

156

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, or thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day ;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too :
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God our King, whose sov'reign sway,
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

1. I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God, To wash me in thy cleansing blood ;
 2. Take my poor heart, and let it be For - ev - er closed to all but thee :

To dwell within thy wounds ; then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
 Seal thou my breast, and let me wear That pledge of love for - ev - er there.

157

3 How blest are they who still abide
 Close sheltered in thy bleeding side !
 Who thence their life and strength derive,
 And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
 Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe ?
 Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move ;
 O wondrous grace ! O boundless love !

5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
 That thou shouldst us to glory bring ;
 Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
 Decked with a never-fading crown ?

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
 Our words are lost, nor will we know,
 Nor will we think of aught beside,—
 My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

158 *Filial confidence and joy.*

1 Great God, indulge my humble claim ;
 Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest ;
 The glories that compose thy name
 Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
 Thou art my Father and my God ;
 And I am thine by sacred ties,—
 Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.

3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
 For thee I long, to thee I look ;
 As travellers in thirsty lands
 Pant for the cooling water brook.

4 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
 While I have breath to pray or praise :
 This work shall make my heart rejoice, •
 And fill the remnant of my da, L

1. Saw ye my Saviour, saw ye my Saviour, Saw ye my
 2. He was ex - tend - ed— he was ex - tend - ed, Painful - ly

Saviour and God! O, he died on Cal - va - ry, To a -
 nailed to the cross: Here he bowed his head and died, Thus my

- tone for you and me, And to purchase our pardon with blood.
 Lord was cru-ci - fied, To a - tone for a world that was lost.

159

8 Jesus hung bleeding—Jesus hung bleed-
ing

Three dreadful hours in pain;
 And the solid rocks were rent
 Through creation's vast extent,
 When the Jews crucified the God-man.

4 Darkness prevailed—darkness prevailed,
 Darkness prevailed o'er the land,
 And the sun refused to shine,
 When his Majesty Divine,
 Was derided insulted, and slain.

5 When it was finished—when it was fin-
ished,

And the atonement was made,
 He was taken by the great,
 And embalmed in spices sweet,
 And was in a new sepulchre laid.

6 Hail, mighty Saviour—hail, mighty Sa-
viour,
 Prince, and the author of peace!
 O, he burst the bars of death,
 And, triumphant, from beneath,
 He ascended to mansions of bliss.

1. Safely through a - nother week, God has brought us on our way;

Let us now a blessing seek, Waiting in his courts to - day;

Day of all the week the best; Emblem of e - ter - nal rest -

Day of all the week the best; Emblem of e - ternal rest.

W. B. BRADBURY. By permission.

1. Why should we start, and fear to die ? What timorous worms we mortals are !

Death is the gate to endless joy, And yet we dread to en - ter there.

161

Christ's presence in death.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away ;
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O would my Lord his servant meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,

4 Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.
4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame :
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise ;
Let us feel thy presence near ;
May thy glory meet our eyes,

While we in thy house appear ;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound,
Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints :
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

1. Dear Jesus, ev - er at my side, How loving must thou be,

To leave thy home in heaven to guard A little child like me.

Air.

I cannot feel thee touch my hand, With pressure light and mild,

Alto.

To check me as my mother did, When I was but a child.

162

2 But I have felt thee in my thoughts,
Rebuking sin for me;

And, when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.

And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,
Morning and night, to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.

3 Yes! when I pray, thou prayest too—

Thy prayer is all for me;

But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

Dear Jesus, ever at my side,
How loving must thou be,
To leave thy home in heaven, to guard
A little child like me.

1. Arise, my soul, arise, Shake off thy guilty fears ; The bleeding sacri-
 fice In my behalf appears ; Before the
 Before the throne my Surety
 Before the throne my Surety stands, Before the

throne my Surety stands, My name is writ - ten on his hands.
 stands, Before the throne my Surety stands, My name is written on his hands.
 throne my Surety stands, My name is writ - ten on his hands.

163

2 He ever lives above.
 For me to intercede
 His all-redeeming love,
 His precious blood, to plead ;
 His blood atoned for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
 Received on Calvary ;
 They pour effectual prayers,
 They strongly plead for me :
 Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
 Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

4 The Father hears him pray,
 His dear anointed One :
 He cannot turn away
 The presence of his Son :
 His Spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled ;
 His pardoning voice I hear :
 He owns me for his child ;
 I can no longer fear :
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

1. Sister, thou wast mild and lovely, Gentle as the summer breeze,
 Pleasant as the air of evening When it floats among the trees.

164

Funeral hymn.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
 Peaceful in the grave so low ;
 Thou no more wilt join our number ;
 Thou no more our songs shall know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us ;
 Here thy loss we deeply feel ;

But 'tis God that hath bereft us :
 He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
 When the day of life is fled ;
 Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee,
 Where no farewell tear is shed.

165

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s.

J. J. ROUSSEAU, 1775.

1. Far from mortal cares retreating, Sordid hopes and vain desires ;
 Here our willing footsteps meeting, Every heart to heaven aspires. }
 Mercy from above proclaiming, Peace and pardon from the skies.

D. C.

From the fount of glory beaming, Light ce - lestial cheers our eyes,

1. Awake, my soul, in joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;

He justly claims a song from me; His loving kindness, O how free!

His loving kindness, O how free!

His loving kindness, loving kindness, His loving kindness, O how free!

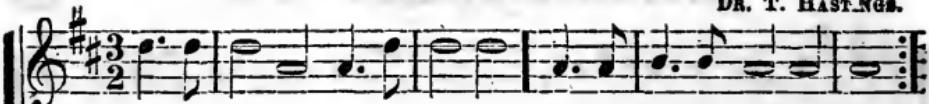
166

2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving kindness, O, how great!

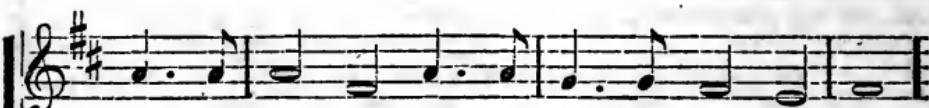
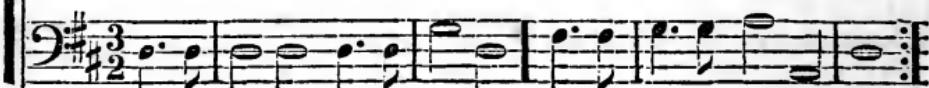
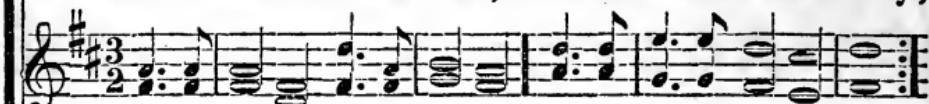
3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving kindness, O, how good!

4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers shall fail;
O, may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death.

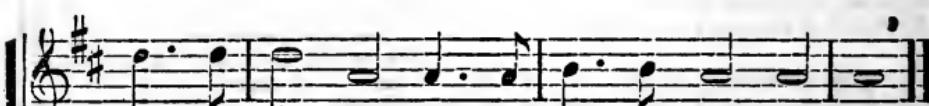
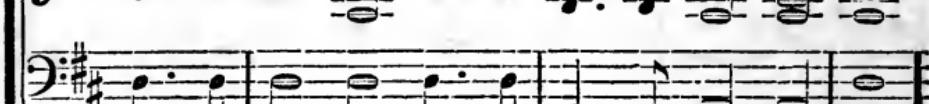
5 Then let me mount, and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies.



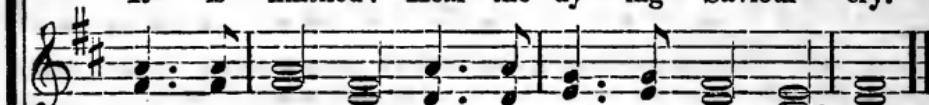
1. Hark ! the voice of love and mercy, Sounds aloud from Calva - ry ;
See ! it rends the rocks asunder, Shakes the earth and veils the sky ;



It is finished : Hear the dy - ing Saviour cry ;



It is finished : Hear the dy - ing Saviour cry.



167

2 It is finished ! O, what pleasure
Do these precious words afford !
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord ;
It is finished :
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs ;
Join to sing the pleasing theme ;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name ;
It is finished :
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

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